



been filled, with facts which begin to group themselves *clearly* under sub-laws". The following year he is sending out his printed questionnaire (reprinted here in an appendix) *Questions about the breeding of animals*, to selected correspondents. From Down he continued to keep up the now famous, voluminous scientific correspondence: letters to and from animal and plant breeders, gardeners, naval officers, as well as Lyell, Henslow, Hooker, and members of his own family, like his father and Fox. The range and pressure of Darwin's curiosity are apparent everywhere, but inevitably the letters which draw the eye particularly are those which directly bear on the intellectual archaeology of *The Origin of Species*, foreshadowing familiar passages and chapters. In more general terms, a particularly interesting exchange here is the friendly wrangle on tax-

onomical principles with G. R. Waterhouse, with Darwin insisting that "classification consists in arranging beings according to their actual relationship, i.e. their consanguinity", and, still more explicitly,

If every organism, which ever had life or does live, were collected together (which is impossible as only a few can have been preserved in a fossil state) a perfect series would be presented, looking all, say the Mammals, into one great indivisible group.

It would be pointless to deny that some of these letters are stiff reading, and some virtually incomprehensible to the non-specialist. But the collection as a whole is irradiated by Darwin's obvious kindness and bonesty, his sheer likeability and his never-ending capacity to puzzle and wonder. "This is a marvellous world we live in & I never cease marvelling at it", he

writes to an old Cambridge friend, referring to the terraces at Glen Roy on which he wrote a paper whose thesis he had subsequently in abandon in the face of Agassiz's theory of glacial action. Emma wrote to him around the same time, not only of the pain his want of religion caused her but of what she saw as its deeper cause, and applied the concern also to herself:

I believe from your account of your own mind that you will only consider me as a specimen of the genus (I don't know what simla I believe). You will be forming theories about me and if I am cross or out of temper you will only consider "What does that prove".

One wonders a little what she later made of Darwin's systematic notes on infantile development in their eldest son, which subse-

quently became an article in *Mind* and contributed to *The Expression of the Emotions*, but is hard to believe he needed to worry to either case: Darwin's paternal doting could hardly be faulted: "Dear old Duddy one could write about him forever". Though Darwin in his *Autobiography* recorded and regretted a waning of his sense of the sublime and of intimacy of feeling with anyone but his close family, it is hard to see these as anything but normal effects of ageing and emotional exclusivity. Classification and explanation, *pace* Emma, never seem in him anything but genial. The naturalist and the man were the same, as one correspondent here, thanking him for a copy of the *Bright* journal, tells him, perpetrating an inspired unintentional pun in his own italics: "A plain English gentleman . . . viewing all things kindly".

Malthus in changing contexts

Donald Winch

E. A. WRIGLEY and DAVID SOUDEN (Editors)
The Works of Robert Malthus
Volume One: 139pp. £85.96 101 8
Volume Two: 315pp. £85.96 102 8
Volume Three: 711pp. £85.96 103 8
Volume Four: 246pp. £85.96 104 8
Volume Five: 248pp. £85.96 105 8
Volume Six: 439pp. £85.96 106 8
Volume Seven: 327pp. £85.96 107 8
Volume Eight: 165pp. £85.96 108 8
£360 the set. Pickering and Chatto.

Robert Malthus's public reputation was probably near its lowest ebb when he died in 1834, a few months after the passage of the Poor Law Amendment Act. Friends and foes alike wrongly attributed this measure to the general influence which his writings had exerted on public opinion since 1798, the year in which his first *Essay on Population* appeared – a work in which he had argued that the Poor Laws created the problem they were designed to relieve by encouraging population increase and thereby adding to the downward pressure of numbers on living standards, pushing many of the poor into a state of pauperism. He died without receiving the preferment within the Church of England which his Anglican and Whig friends felt was his due; and "Malthusian" was once more being used as a term of abuse by that combination of popular radicals and Tory paternalists which had regularly united in opposition to his population doctrine and to the "dismal" science of political economy of which he was undoubtedly one of the founding fathers, advancing it from the state in which it had been left by Adam Smith by exploring the response of population to changes in the availability of subsistence, and by becoming one of the co-discoverers of the principle which determined the payment of land rents.

By the 1820s and 30s, however, Malthus's reputation was also in decline within the political economy camp. Thus Nassau Senior, who was indeed one of the architects of the new Poor Law, had argued in 1828 that Malthus's views on population were expressed too rigidly and pessimistically; that subsistence had in fact risen faster than population in recent years; and that the desire for self-improvement was at least as strong as the passion between the sexes. Though Malthus was respected as a pioneer for his work on wages and rent, the disjunctive doctrinal and policy positions upheld in the later editions of the *Essay*, in his controversial pamphlets favouring retention of the Corn Laws, and in his *Principles of Political Economy*, had been eclipsed by the more orthodox propositions advanced by his friend, David Ricardo, and by Ricardo's more vociferous followers, J. R. McCulloch and James Mill. Malthus's main mid-eighteenth-century standard-bearer was the Evangelical preacher, Thomas Chalmers, a fate which did little to give his work additional credence to later generations of economists.

John Stuart Mill, that scion of the marriage between Ricardian economics and Benthamite utilitarianism, had cut his teeth as a controversialist by attacking Malthus's departures from Ricardian orthodoxy. He made some

amends in his *Principles of Political Economy* (1848) by giving heavy endorsement to the Malthusian position on population restraint as the fundamental clue to rising living standards. But Mill was, of course, a neo-Malthusian, believing in birth control within marriage, a solution which Malthus, speaking as a Christian and a utilitarian of a different, more theological variety, always regarded as "unnatural" and likely to prove incompatible with the long-term happiness of the mass of society. On all the important matters of doctrine which divided Ricardo and Malthus, Mill upheld the Ricardian position, treating Malthus's ideas on the possibilities of general over-production through deficient effective demand as outmoded and subversive.

The army of Malthus's traditional critics was to be powerfully reinforced by Marx and Engels, who gave voice to ideological charges in what has become their classic form. Malthus was an anti-progressive thinker, "a shameless sycophant of the ruling classes". Such considerations would not have occurred to Charles Darwin or Alfred Russel Wallace when they expressed their debt to Malthus in the course of explaining how his *Essay* had influenced their discovery of the role played by natural selection; but they helped to suggest that prudential restraint and self-help in the Malthusian mould was somehow connected ideologically with late nineteenth-century notions of struggle for survival. Malthus could thus be treated as a proto-Social Darwinist rather than as what he actually was – a moral Newtonian in the eighteenth-century manner, believing that moral restraint, meaning delayed marriage together with virtuous celibacy during the waiting period, was the only solution to the population dilemma that would be effective in the long run, as well as being compatible with the idea of man as a rational, self-determining creature.

By the end of the century Malthus had been fortunate in attracting the attention of at least one scholarly admirer, James Bonar, whose *Malthus and His Work* (1885) still has a good deal of interest and authority. But the leading economist of the day, Alfred Marshall, formally announced that the law of diminishing returns in agriculture, upon which so much of the polemical force of Malthus's population theory turned, was now in abeyance. Nor was Marshall anxious to reconsider long-discredited ideas on under-consumption, the main spokesman for which in his own day was that arch economic heretic, J. A. Hobson.

It was not until the 1930s, therefore, that the forgotten side of Malthus's political economy was seriously taken up by John Maynard Keynes, for whom Malthus was the unsung hero who had unsuccessfully contested those underlying assumptions concerning the impossibility of general over-production against which Keynes found himself in conflict over diagnoses and remedies for general unemployment in the inter-war period. Keynes's biographical essay on Malthus, heavily revised while he was in the process of writing the *General Theory*, marks the beginning of the modern revival of interest in Malthusian economics. In the process, however, some of Malthus's own concerns with the barriers to sustained economic development became overlaid with the short-run preoccupations of Keynes and his successors.

Fate played another trick on Malthus when the Royal Economic Society chose to honour his opponent, Ricardo, with the magnificent full-scale edition of his works and correspondence which began to appear in the 1950s. This edition, the work of Piero Sraffa and Maurice Dobb, undertaken with Keynes's support, included the newly discovered correspondence with Malthus, and Ricardo's critical notes on Malthus's *Principles*. Taken in conjunction with the fact that scholarly editions of Malthus's mature writings were unavailable, this edition had the unintended consequence that many economists continued to view Malthus through Ricardian spectacles – an outcome wildly at odds with Keynes's sympathies. Ricardo's tidier deductive models, and the role played by his ideas in both the Marxian and non-Marxian traditions, helped to secure the strong hold which he has always exerted on the imagination of economic theorists.

The scholarly tide began to turn in 1979 when the late Patricia James's *Population Malthus: His life and times* appeared. In addition to its qualities as a comprehensive guide to Malthus's life and period, this biography includes a large number of previously unpublished letters. In the following year Malthus was treated to an international conference in Paris organized by an Anglo-French group of historical demographers pledged to set the historical record to rights. For a time it was hoped that this consortium would combine with the Royal Economic Society to produce a complete scholarly edition of Malthus's writings. But when the demographers dropped out, the Royal Economic Society decided to proceed with its own editions of Malthus's two most important works; and later this year Cambridge University Press will publish variorum editions of the second *Essay on Population* and of the *Principles*, the work of Patricia James and John Pullen respectively.

With these volumes to hand, Malthus scholarship will truly come of age. For without them it has been difficult to sustain a consistent view of the intimate connections between Malthus's work as demographer and as an economist, and to assess the way in which he combined his short and long-run concerns. It will also become possible to see how Malthus attempted to modify his original agrarian interests, and those eighteenth-century moral and political concerns which are a prominent feature of his first *Essay*, in the light of the changes taking place in British society during the early nineteenth-century period of rapid population growth and industrialization.

The drought has suddenly become a monsoon. Just as these long-awaited Cambridge editions are about to appear, Pickering and Chatto have launched a complete edition of Malthus's writings edited by E. A. Wrigley and David Souden – an enterprise that has clearly been undertaken at considerable speed and some expense. Completeness is the main virtue of the edition – though, unlike Ricardo, Malthus still lacks an edition of his correspondence. Judging from the price, the publishers are largely aiming at the library market. The affluence of the reader, or those with access to a good library, will now be able to consult all of Malthus's published writings in a single edition consisting of eight volumes, handsomely printed. But it is hard not to conclude that those who

have a genuine need for a complete edition will expect a good deal more than they are offered here.

In the case of the *Essay on Population*, for example, a separate volume is rightly devoted to the 1798 version. This is followed by two volumes which reprint the last (1826) edition of the much longer second *Essay*. Variations between this edition and the 1803 version of the second *Essay* are recorded, but since there were three intermediate editions in 1805, 1807, and 1817, two of which contain important changes introduced by Malthus to deal with formative events connected with the Napoleonic Wars and their aftermath, a good deal of valuable scholarly information is missing. Those who need to know about these changes, precisely when they were made and the likely reasons why, will have to consult Patricia James's forthcoming critical edition, where they will also find an exhaustive account of Malthus's authorities instead of a mere listing which does not even give such elementary information as the place in the text where the authorities are cited. Similar limitations apply to the version of the *Principles of Political Economy* given here. There were only two editions, and the one chosen as the base text here is the posthumous edition of 1836, which includes a number of unspecified changes made by the anonymous editor. Making use of manuscript material that has been overlooked in compiling this edition, the Pullen version separates Malthus's revisions from those of his editor and attempts to show what light they shed on Malthus's final opinions on a wide range of issues.

Souden's brief introductions to each of the volumes are too perfunctory to serve much purpose, but Wrigley's general introduction is written in the light of an emerging consensus on historical demography in which he has been one of the main contributors. By stressing the agrarian character of Malthus's writings, for example, Wrigley is able to draw attention to the complexity of Malthus's understanding of the feedback mechanisms underlying population response, and thereby to bring out the virtues of the Malthusian explanation for population pressure, high and low, in pre-industrial societies, past and present. Wrigley also answers the common charges that Malthus was unsympathetic to the claims of the poor.

There is an element of historical irony in Wrigley's more sympathetic reading of the Malthusian position; Malthus's views on population were published just as they were about to be made irrelevant (in Britain at least) by an industrial revolution which eventually reduced dependence on the natural productivity of land and laid the social and economic foundations for widespread adoption of contraception within marriage.

The revisionist trend on the demographic front is now clear. When taken in conjunction with the re-evaluation of Malthus's reputation as an economic theorist that is also under way, it would seem that Malthus is now receiving a different kind of preface from the one he failed to obtain in life. Moreover, almost for the first time, the attention he is now receiving has more to do with what he actually wrote and contended than with what his friends and critics, whether benignly or malevolently, have supposed to be the case.

Lethal practice

Sidney Bloch

ROBERT JAY LIFTON
The Nazi Doctors: A study of the psychology of evil
361pp. Macmillan/New York: Basic Books.
\$17.95.
0334332622
GERALD L. POSNER and JOHN WARE
Mencle: The complete story
364pp. Macdonald. £12.95.
0356 125785

The psychiatrist Robert Lifton has spent most of his professional life studying the extreme aspects of the human condition – those issues from which the ordinary person customarily retreats lest he become psychologically overwhelmed. Whether grappling with the experience of mass destruction suffered by the survivors of Hiroshima, with nuclear weapons' potential for genocide, or with the adverse emotional sequelae in American veterans of the Vietnamese war, Lifton has steadfastly strove to comprehend the seemingly incomprehensible.

Lifton's scholarship is of an impeccable standard; it is, moreover, a scholarship coupled with the solid conviction that the behavioural scientist has a moral responsibility to tackle these sorts of topics. As he contends in the introduction to the present volume: "Psychological research is always a moral enterprise, just as moral judgements inevitably include psychological assumptions." Perhaps, then, it should not occasion surprise that the subject of the Holocaust has attracted relatively slender interest among behavioural scientists. To conduct any form of study of what was arguably the most profound of all genocides must necessarily entail an ethical challenge of the most taxing kind.

A compassionate view of the survivor of the Nazi horror has facilitated study of the victim; often researchers identify personally with their subjects, either directly, by virtue of having shared in the victimization (Leo Eltinger and Bruno Bettelheim spring to mind) or less

directly (several prominent figures in the field are Jewish). The attempt to understand the psychology of the perpetrator is altogether a different matter. No identification is likely here. Yet the enterprise is vital if we are even to begin to appreciate the readiness of human beings to assume roles which are seemingly incompatible with being human. And there is no more crucial aspect of the Holocaust than that the medical profession was deflected from its healing function in order to contribute to the systematic destruction of human beings.

With a few notable exceptions studies on the doctor turned killer in Nazi Germany have been conspicuous by their absence. It has been left to Lifton to undertake the job. Given the magnitude of the task, he has succeeded admirably. He skilfully leads us along the path the German medical profession trod in the closest collaboration with their political masters, which culminated in their executive function as killers in Auschwitz and other extermination camps.

Paradoxically, it was doctors who cleared the path in the first place. In the early 1900s, eugenics attracted considerable interest in Germany. The publication in 1920 of *Die Freigabe der Vernichtung Lebensunwerten Lebens* (The release of the destruction of life unworthy of life) by the psychiatrist Alfred Hoche and the jurist Karl Binding was a turning-point; its authors, two notable professionals, proffered arguments for the euthanasia of the chronically mentally ill and the mentally retarded. Such "scientific" propositions blended perfectly with Hitler's racial doctrines, paving the way for the compulsory sterilization of around 300,000 psychiatric patients.

The next phase was almost inevitable – the so-called mercy killing of those similarly afflicted. The physician's contribution was central: he selected suitable patients and actually supervised their gassing by carbon monoxide. This "medical genocide" might well have continued had it not been for the difficulties in keeping it secret. But by the time it ceased, in the summer of 1941, at least a quarter of a million patients had been killed. The medical

programme ended, but not the use of the technological procedures that had been perfected in the process. Thus the psychiatric hospitals were the forerunners of Auschwitz, of Treblinka, of Chelmo. The physician provided continuity with his expertise in killing; the victims merely changed to the Jew, the Gypsy and other "sub-humans".

This relatively smooth transition from the propositions of eugenicists to the systematic killing of "lives unworthy of life" becomes explicable in an era dominated by an all-pervasive Nazi ideology. But how could the doctor, the healer, have come to contribute to it? Lifton makes a valiant effort to understand the psychology of the SS doctor in this role, showing how figures like Edward Wirth (the chief physician at Auschwitz), Josef Mengele, Ernest B. and their colleagues pursued their task.

Although Lifton mentions several facilitating factors, it is the phenomenon of "doubling" that he sees as most salient, the "key to understanding how Nazi doctors came to do the work of Auschwitz". As the term suggests, the self becomes divisible into two autonomous parts: the previous self composed of ethical physician, father and husband, and the Auschwitz self necessary for psychological survival in such a grossly immoral setting, particularly in the avoidance of guilt. "Moral responsibility" is translocated into the Auschwitz self and expressed within the context of an overriding Nazi ethos: the need to kill derives from a worthy principle of "racial hygiene", which will bring about the organic revitalization of the German people.

The key question that follows is whether doubling is an entirely unconscious phenomenon – whether the selves of the Nazi doctor were totally autonomous, each part acting as if unaware of the existence of the other. Lifton's evidence, derived from his interviews with twenty-eight Nazi physicians, suggests a need for considerable scepticism. The example of Dr Wirth is illuminating in this regard. He was much troubled in his killing role even though he continued to act with exemplary efficiency. He may have adapted to his Auschwitz self, but

it was at exceptional personal cost, indeed, finally, to the point of suicide. The argument could be made that in his case doubling failed. But then the unconscious basis of doubling, with its consequent self-protective function, comes into question.

Mary Midgley, in *Wickedness* (1984), also grapples with this question, concluding that the oppressor does not know what he is doing because he assiduously avoids thinking about his actions, but – and this is crucial – he has not lost the capacity to know; "his deliberate avoidance is [therefore] a responsible act". In Hannah Arendt's controversial account of Eichmann's trial, she contends that he did not realize what he was doing and pursued his task with no motive other than self-advancement. "Sheer thoughtlessness", not stupidity or the active wish to do evil, is Arendt's understanding of the basis of Eichmann's criminal acts. Lifton, Midgley and Arendt are all struggling with the question of whether man must be viewed as a responsible moral agent, whatever the circumstances in which he finds himself. In directing his attention to the Holocaust and more especially to the Nazi physician turned killer, Lifton may not have answered the question, but he has done a splendid job in clarifying this most complex of subjects.

The subtitle of the book on Mengele by Gerald L. Posner and John Ware – "The complete story" – is misleading. Complete it may be with regard to their efforts to survey his life history; indeed, the volume is peppered with all variety of biographical details. Little, however, is offered in the way of analysis. A definitive biography which will provide an informed understanding of how Mengele turned into the "Angel of Death" remains to be written.

In *Lord Haw-Haw: The full story of William Joyce*, first published in 1964 and recently reissued in paperback (316pp. Faber. £4.95. 0 571 14860), J. A. Cole traces the career of the academic turned Fascist agitator whose distinctive radio broadcasts from inside Nazi Germany made him perhaps the most hated man of the Second World War in Britain.

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Handwritten note: *John Bell*

John Melmoth

NIGEL WILLIAMS
Witchcraft
390pp. Faber. £10.95.
0571 148239

The dark arts, as Nigel Williams so memorably makes plain in *Witchcraft*, are not necessarily incompatible with paying the mortgage, having problems with one's mother-in-law or earning a living writing novels. Nor is demonic possession the all-or-nothing business in which the likes of William Peter Blatty have made their pile. Hosting a ghost does not lead inevitably to convulsions, funny voices and explosions of green bile. Psychic aquatting can be accomplished with considerable finesse: "His legs, chest, belly, neck, head and thighs eased themselves into me, pushing in through veins and arteries until they bumped against the skin like a rowing boat against a jetty." Indeed, the novel depends upon the fact that when Jamie Matheson, a successful(ish) screenwriter, is visited by the unquiet spirit of Ezekiel Oliphant, a seventeenth-century witchfinder, he is not dispossessed of his twentieth-century sang-froid. Two distinct temperaments are required to exist in a continual state of mutual antagonism: Jamie embarrassed by his visitor's moth-eaten irascibility; Ezekiel compromised by his host's sceptical cool.

We are promised "a story of wilful cruelty, of decay and betrayal"; what we actually get has more to do with a chronic confusion of motives, blithe callousness, a certain amount of high-camp cursing, finger-wagging and eye-rolling, and unsatisfactory infidelities. Jamie has a commission to write a television series about the English Revolution but becomes obsessed with Oliphant, a member of the New Model Army, veteran of Edge Hill, whose prose style is an exasperating combination of "the wilder excesses of the Book of Revelation" and "the fanatic zeal of a Workers Revolutionary Party manifesto" (much of which, worse luck, is reproduced here). Oliphant, it

appears, was hung, drawn and quartered on a treason charge - although there is some evidence that he was disposed of because he had proof that Cromwell and Ireton were linked with witchcraft.

Under Oliphant's influence Jamie has an affair with Anna, whom he meets in the British Museum Reading Room, and separates from his wife Meg. Following a breakdown, he is hospitalized and fears that he may have been encouraged to harm his wife's mother, Juliet. The fact that the real Oliphant might have had nothing to do with magic, either black or white, makes not the least difference.

Jamie's wife accuses him of no longer believing that our account of history matters and, at one level, *Witchcraft* is about an inoffensive, supernaturated, post-radical hack's attempt to come to terms with the fact that 300 years ago the Diggers, Ranters, Anabaptists *et al* dared to force the issue. His understanding of the seventeenth century is a "mess", soap opera: "men in long curly wigs and cloaks versus blokes in leather jerkins with coal scuttles on their heads". Even when his ghostly tenant provides him with privileged access to some of the more recherché events of the English Civil War, he is moved only to dreary generalizations about the past: "only by understanding it can we exorcize it".

Nor are Jamie's attempts to grasp the phenomenon of witch-hunting exactly models of clarity and historical method. The best that he can do to account for the fact that (in some versions at least) Oliphant had his wife hanged as a witch is that he was "probably the kind of evil bastard who preys on women, who desires them, feels guilty, then blames them for his guilt". That this comes nowhere near explaining the outbursts of hysterical public misogyny is precisely his creator's point. As usual, Williams gives the author-figure a hard time: if Both woman in Jamie's life are clever; one has psychotronic problems, the other is frankly promiscuous. In Oliphant's time any of these traits would have been regarded as sufficient proof of a pact with the devil. It is not so much that Jamie fails to recognize the continuity of

gynaephobia, as that, having made the connection, he is no more disposed to sympathize with his wife's sufferings or acknowledge his girlfriend's sexual right to choose.

In this and other respects, *Witchcraft* is consistent with the rest of Williams's output, in which the comedy of manners is so often put in jeopardy by a confessional tic. As in *My Life Closed Twice* and *Jack Be Nimble*, "frenzies of self-deprecation" acquire a masochistic edge. Jamie Matheson, like Martin Steel and Jack Warliss before him, is good at pointing out that

he is not good with women, and aware that he might not like them as much as he ought to. Nor does the introduction of the supernatural element (however seriously) necessarily imply a change of direction. Ever since *My Life Closed Twice*, Williams has required elaborate contexts in which to make sense and fiction of the problems of identity and of those inevitable but inevitably galling relationships. *Witchcraft* demonstrates that apparently remote and bizarre events can be squeezed until they yield comely and contemporary significance.

Embracing the wilderness

John Clute

MARGARET ATWOOD and ROBERT WEAVER
(Editors)
The Oxford Book of Canadian Short Stories In English
436pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
0 19 540565 X
MARGARET ATWOOD
Bluebeard's Egg and other stories
281pp. Cape. £10.95.
0 224 02245 8

The unplumbed vacancies of its northern marches may foster in some the illusion that Canada is a large country. It is not an impression that should survive a reading of the forty-one claustrophobic tales gathered together by Margaret Atwood and Robert Weaver in *The Oxford Book of Canadian Short Stories in English*, most of which are set in urban centres stretched out along the American border. This is natural enough, since most Canadian writers (like most Canadians) live in cities. At the same time, a sense of real solitude pervades most of the stories in this uneven but formidable anthology. Wherever they may live, Canadian writers seem to reside at the edge of a void. Against this northern wilderness, tales of human survival, even set in the cold heart of Toronto, may seem at times like brove hallucinations.

It may be rash to assume that Margaret Atwood, whose own book on Canadian literature was entitled *Survival*, provided most of the intellectual shape to this anthology, while Robert Weaver, an esteemed and generous editor long at the centre of English Canadian culture, provided its daunting breadth of selection, but depth and breadth this fine collection certainly has. It is strangely organized, though. Stories appear in the order of their authors' dates of birth, but are not themselves dated. As a consequence, those from authors with long careers, like "Last Spring They Came Over" by Morley Callaghan (b 1903), seem oddly lost in time; and others which come late in a long life, like the astonishing "From Flores" by Ethel Wilson (1888-1980), consort uneasily with the toothless jocosity of Stephen Leacock or the florid sentimentalizing of Charles G. D. Roberts. And given the obsessive fixing of tales in time and place so characteristic of Canadian writing, even the second half of the book, solely devoted to authors under fifty, suffers from this fuzzing over of dates. It could easily be remedied.

Throughout, there is a compulsion to remember. Story after story comes in memoir form, sometimes barely fictionalized. Isolated farms are remembered; snow-bound villages, lonely childhoods, bitter illnesses, innumerable summer cottages domesticating the northwoods; the fragility of survival in small town or huge city is constantly recollected by characters who have barely stayed alive as marriages decay, jobs collapse, Canadian weather shrivels the cold sky. As text or subtext, the wilderness is omnipresent. This may explain the paucity of references to the United States, in an anthology of work by writers deeply aroused by questions of national identity; it is, as though solitude and wilderness served them as something uniquely Canadian, tokens of individuality to counteract the magnet of America.

So it is a strenuous job to remain a Canadian writer. Sometimes it is a grim task. *The Oxford Book of Canadian Short Stories* could not be called a happy book, though at least a dozen tales, most of them in the second half, are superbly artful, including "The Sin Ester" by Atwood herself. Her *Bluebeard's Egg* and *Other Stories*, which includes "The Sin Ester" but adds two other tales, could not be called a happy book either, though much of it is eminently hilarious. Her stories are sophisticated, replete, ornate, stark, supple, stiff, savage or forgiving; they are exactly what she wants them to be. They are stories from the prime of life.

That they are deeply Canadian stories is sometimes clear, sometimes a matter of nuance. "Significant Moments in the Life of my Mother", "Hurricane Hazel" and "A Search of the Rattlesnake Plantain" all share recognizably Canadian scenes of fragility and airlessness. The empty northern wastes inform "Unearthing Suite", despite that story's almost exultant close, and "The Salt Garden", which dazzlingly conflates the void and nuclear holocaust. Despite its almost sociological detail and its air of slightly desolate calm, "Spring Song" is a tale of terror, as is the title-story; the protagonists of both are beginning to lose control of their intimate human patterns of knowledge and habit which stave off the vacuum of the real world. If it is a universal theme, its intricate delicate bleakness flows best in Canadian soil.

Just as in the *Oxford Canadian Stories*, the United States is hardly mentioned. Through the stressful urban dance of their days, Atwood's protagonists seem never to watch television, or buy magazines, or work for corporations, or do anything that might bring them face to face with the obliterating warmth of America. This is surely deliberate. For Margaret Atwood the matter of Canada is survival, and its face is to the void. Nothing must blur the lineaments of this microcosm she has shaped to serve her creative and didactic ends. In *Bluebeard's Egg* nothing does.

Crime file

ROY HART
Seascape with Dead Figures
189pp. Macmillan. £8.95.
0 333 44110 9

Early on the morning of New Year's Day the body of seventy-five-year-old George Winterton is found on the shore of a South Coast resort. And he hasn't fallen, he has been thrown from the cliffs above. As Detective Superintendent Roper pursues his investigations into Winterton's family and friends, he discovers a lot of reasons for someone to have done away with the old man. The author's first crime novel, this is a good, solid, old-fashioned story, with a lot of clues and a satisfactorily surprising ending.

LAURENCE GOUGH
The Goldfish Bowl
186pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0 575 05935 3

A transvestite sniper armed with a Winchester .460 Magnum rifle is stalking the streets of Vancouver. There seems to be no connection between his victims, but, as beautiful Claire Parker, Jack Willows's new partner on the detective squad, astutely points out, on each occasion he leaves behind a cryptic clue showing where he's going to strike next. The author perhaps makes a bit too much of the squalor and unpleasantness of life, but it's an interesting debut, set in a city hitherto represented by fictional policemen.

T. J. Blyden

Terry Eagleton

MALCOLM BRADBURY
Cuts
106pp. Hutchinson. £5.95.
009 188280 0
No. Not Bloomsbury
373pp. Deutsch. £17.95 (paperback, £7).
0 233 98013 X

A typical piece of the English academic novel is to bounce a dog-eared liberal humanist off a hard-boiled technocracy, allowing each to put the other into satirical question while the author disappears conveniently down the middle. Sparrow versus Zapp, Birmingham versus California, criticism against theory, mandarin modernism against brutalized post-modernism: these stark antagonisms, irresolvable in content, have to make do with a coyly flirtatious liaison in the very forms of such fiction, as an old-style literary realism taris itself up with the odd structuralist device. Malcolm Bradbury's novella *Cuts* adheres faithfully to this model in its dominant metaphor: the title

alludes at once to Thatcherite austerity, hence to the liberal conscience, and to the manipulative world of the media, as the surreal empire of Eldorado TV packages its consumerist fictions in a glass tower high above the human devastation of a northern industrial city.

The link between these worlds is Henry Babbacombe, a crumpled cross between David Lodge's Philip Sparrow and one of Raymond Briggs's grotesque innocents, catapulted by error from his humble post as extra-mural literature lecturer to a mammoth scriptwriting assignment with Lord Mellow, Eldorado's megalomaniac proprietor. Babbacombe is a wimp, Mellow a swine, and the rest of us live with Malcolm Bradbury somewhere in the middle, grinning wryly at both. Since grinning wryly at your own ineffectuality is part of the stock-in-trade of liberal humanism, indeed the best these days it seems able to muster, this middle is not such an impartial place as it looks. The whole model is deeply consoling, and works just as deftly when you transplant it to the current contentions between humanist criticism and literary theory. The essays in *No, Not Bloomsbury* roam widely across modern English fiction in deeply intelligent, depress-

ingly inoffensive style, glamorously *au courant* with modernist experimentation in content while reassuringly balanced and Babbacombe-ish in tone. Eldorado TV is represented here, in effect, by European cultural theory, with its sleek paradigms and gleaming hegemonic codes, its hard-nosed packaging of the humanist psyche.

In a brilliantly witty essay entitled "Writer and Critic", Bradbury conducts a schizoid dialogue between the creative and critical aspects of himself, noting how the literary theorist in him is at war with the imaginative writer. Since Bradbury is not in fact a literary theorist, the rest of us can be forgiven for not having noticed this particular conflict. The dialogue in question is utterly disingenuous, since Bradbury treats literary theory, in these essays and elsewhere, in the facetious, civilised philistine manner common to English middle-class liberals. The idea that he is somehow on both sides of this debate simultaneously is mere rhetorical sleight-of-hand, and the middle, once more, rather further towards one side than the other. Bradbury is in no sense torn agonizedly between Lewis and Lévi-Strauss; he is just a rather smarter, more cannily *en fait* version of

his own Babbacombe, conversant enough with the world of media and post-modernism to find Babbacombe amusingly pathetic, but with no more clue than his own character as to how the Lord Mellow might be replaced by something rather less repellent. From the depths of the liberal humanist armchair, Howard Kirk and Lord Mellow appear pretty indistinguishable, a viewpoint hardly notable for its theoretical rigour. Bradbury is a humane rather than an ideological critic, which explains why in these essays he goes astonishingly easy on the sexism of a well-known English novelist, implicitly equates political radicalism and Thatcherite materialism, and elsewhere in his work refers politely to late capitalism as "modernization".

The submerged parallel between Eldorado TV and contemporary theory, however, doesn't really work. For Eldorado's products are of course drearily realist affairs, and the literature associated with contemporary theory is of course avant-garde. Bradbury thus makes Babbacombe, quite improbably, an experimental writer, to sustain the contrast with the aesthetics of Lord Mellow. This move, in the manner of the English academic novelist-critics, seeks to appropriate modernism to humanism, an operation which, as *Scrutiny* well enough revealed, unfortunately can't be carried off. A post-Lewisian liberal humanism may trick itself out in modernist dress, and even dip the odd delicate toe into the swamps of post-structuralism; but it cannot go the whole theoretical hog, whatever the critic in Bradbury might like to think he is doing, since what such theory has to deliver is the bad news that modernist anti-humanism is not after all compatible with English empiricism. The strategy, then, is to hover sardonically in a rapidly shrinking middle, implicitly equating a commodified mass culture with Marxist, feminist and post-structuralist theory, so as to ward off the unsettling insight that the latter might after all have something useful to say about how to dismantle the former.

In the dark age

Linda Taylor

ROSE TREMAIN
The Garden of the Villa Molini and other stories
153pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
0 241 12075 6

The stories in this collection deal with ideas about mutability, improvement and escape into new worlds. The point of view, however, is as much backward-looking as it is forward-looking: what might be, almost certainly won't be, because of what has happened in the past or is happening now. But Rose Tremain handles her pessimism lightly: endings contain ironic twists rather than tragic downfalls.

In the title-story, in which the creation of Antonio Molini's garden deprives the nearby villagers of a water supply (the river is dammed for the garden's lake) and much of their common land, the end is hinted at near the beginning. While Antonio believes that his life is "a journey of discovery, revelation and surprise", his gardener, Pappavincenzo (the illegitimate son of a priest); experiences only "dark and deep abysses of guilt". Amidst the fountains, the dancing statuary, the springy grass and dazzling blooms, therefore, Pappavincenzo insists on a well being built. As Antonio's outward manifestations of success increase (in his operatic career and in the scope of his garden), his two wives commit suicide, his two babies die, the garden becomes parched by drought, the drains begin to stink, and his own life is seriously endangered by cancer. Antonio remains insouciant: "The horizon changes", he tells himself, "we turn a corner and a new sight greets us." Meanwhile, Clara, his latest pregnant wife, sleeplessly walks out into the night: "On the way, she came across an old stone well... she found that she was looking down into darkness."

Tremain is intrigued by characters like Antonio who consistently fail to understand

themselves or anyone else. She also celebrates, in these stories, the small success or fragment of knowledge which can contribute to a person's experience of life. In "Strawberry Jam", the girl narrator learns to respect and be sympathetic towards her Viennese neighbours whom, childishly, she had suspected of murder, when what they were hiding was their family's experience of the Nazis and their private happiness as an incestuous brother and sister. In "The Ballows of the Fire", another girl manages to escape the confines of a nosy, ignorant family by successfully auditioning for a part in a film: "It was quite a long angry speech... I pretended I was saying it all to my brothers and that they didn't understand a word of it."

Tremain is expert at conveying the kind of apparently inconsequential detail that might be the moment of definition in someone's life. Mickey Stone, in "Wildtrack", is wistful about "a short but perfect time" in his life when he stood at his garden gate waiting for "the appearance of the awesome sight of Harriet Cavanagh's ramrod back and neat beige bottom sitting on her pony". There is, too, a more generalized vision of England now: in "The New People", Millicent Graves, an elderly forgotten poet who is leaving England, says, "I couldn't endure it... Its comestose people, its ravaged landscape. Because we're in a dark age, that's what I think." Bob Sparrow, with his restricted world-view at the end of "Tropical Fish", is part of that dark age: about to inherit a farm, he "thinks of the dawn breaking on the rim of his land and of the harvest to come. His brain gathers it. His hard brain like a safe stores it and locks it. And nothing moves."

The pleasure in reading *The Garden of the Villa Molini* lies less in one's appreciation of truths about the state of England, however, than in a delight in Tremain's accurate observation of character. And in the relations that one character has with another in these stories, what is most apparent is the solitariness of the individual.

Needlework exhibition

Shena Mackay

MURIEL SPARK
The Stories of Muriel Spark
314pp. Bodley Head. £12.95.
0 370 31020 9

Like the late Hermione Gingold, who once remarked "I don't try to be funny, dear. It's just that I have a certain slant on life", Muriel Spark has a peculiar vision and a daily idiosyncratic ability to make people laugh. This collection, appearing some thirty years after her early stories dazzled both critics and the reading public, makes up a small retrospective exhibition of her work; small because the twenty-seven stories printed here represent only a part of so impressively large oeuvre: since *The Comforters* in 1957, she has published sixteen novels, a play, a children's book, poetry and volumes of criticism and biography. *The Mandelbaum Gate* marked a departure from the loss of her earlier novels into, increasingly, obliqueness and abstraction, but the stories show no such development; the latest of them is as accomplished and accessible as the first: the collection opens with a story told by a ghost and closes with a woman breathing fire like a dragon. It is as though Muriel Spark sprang, fully armed, with her needle and her venom, from Edinburgh, whose Presbyterian cadences, despite the Roman Catholicism of many of her characters, inform much of her prose. Like Hogg's Justified Sinner, a sometime resident of that city, she has always been concerned with manifestations of good and evil, malice and venom.

Thus, Needle, the ghostly narrator of "The Portobello Road", reflects that

there were times when a privately practising my writing about life, I knew the bitter side of my fortune. When I failed again and again to reproduce life in some satisfactory and perfect form, I was the more impudently, for all my carefree living, within my craving for this satisfaction. Sometimes in my impotence and need I secreted a venom which infected all my life for days on end and which spurted out indiscriminately.

It is Needle whose murder inspires the newspaper headline "Needle is found: in backyard!" That headline, once conceived, must have proved irresistible; and however the creative process worked, the idea has a lunatic charm. That Needle returns from the dead to torment

her murderer is nothing out of the ordinary in Spark's world, where the supernatural is always padding along beside the mundane awaiting its opportunity to dismay and disconcert: a bossy Seraph sabotages a nativity play, a little man in a flying saucer - Spode or Royal Worcester - skims the ceiling of an antique dealer, a black Madonna bestows a black baby on a white couple, a ghost sweeps up the leaves in the gardens of the asylum and a mysterious soldier sells doom-laden "abstract funerals" for a few shillings.

Death, by whatever bizarre means, is never far from Spark's consciousness:

"My address book", he was saying, "is becoming like a necropolis, so many people dying every month, this friend, that friend. You have to draw a line through their names. It's very sad."

"I always use pencil," said a lady, a little younger, "then when people pass on I can rub them out."

Shades of *Memento Mori*. Spark has no compunction in rubbing out her characters, and they are seldom mourned; the five puppies in "Alice Long's Dachshunds", found hanging in a row like the children in *Jude The Obscure* (although they met their fate at the hand of a drunken servant and not by a fraternal paw), are suspended there in the priest's hole in a chilling testimony to a child's expediency. Their owner's heart is broken, they were all she had, but the child, exonerated from the blame that she feared was hers, dances a triumphant sword-dance over the fire-iron: "Then her father starts to sing as well, loudly, tara rum-tum-tum, tara rum-tum-tum, clapping his hands while she dances the jig, and there isn't a thing anyone can do about it."

If that little girl's mother is shocked into remorse at this heartless jig, no such platonism drops from the lips of the colonials, in attitudes drop from the lips of a beautifully evoked post-war Africa of Ford V8s and flamboyant flowers, in relation to the deaths of "natives", "munts" or "blerry nigs". After Sonji Van der Merve's husband, in "The Curtain Blown by the Breeze", has blasted with a shotgun the twelve-year-old "picninin" caught peeping through the window as she suckles her child, she writes to him in prison: "you have landed in jail with your bad temper you should of aimed at the legs." The appalling Afrikaners condemn themselves out of their own mouths, the natives, woolly-cropped and enigmatic, go about their work, and Spark makes no moral

judgments; her people drift in and out of each other's lives like ghosts or *doppelgangers*, wreak havoc and pass on, or away, with few regrets. When the author is provoked to outrage, she uses as a device an omniscient baby, whose first wry smile is triggered by the complacent words of Asquith in the House of Commons at the end of the First World War. This comparatively recent story stands apart from the rest of the collection; for the most part the irony is less overt, and as she says of one of her characters, "To a delicate ear her tone might have resembled the stab of a pin stuck into a waxen image."

Princeton University Press

The Two Tocquevilles, Father and Son

Hervé and Alexis de Tocqueville on the Coming of the French Revolution

Edited and translated by R. R. Palmer

The distinguished historian R.R. Palmer compares the ideas of Alexis de Tocqueville and his father, Count Hervé de Tocqueville, on the causes of the French Revolution of 1789. Although they were written only a few years apart, the Tocquevilles' works on this subject clearly exhibit the differences between father and son. The critical introduction analyzes the views of the two Tocquevilles on narrative versus analytical history, aristocracy and democracy, the centralization of government, historical continuity and inevitability, and the French constitutional and fiscal crisis of the 1780s. \$28.50

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Alan B. Spitzer

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John Clute

A quixotic crusade

Chris Baldick

F. R. LEAVIS
Valuation in Criticism and other essays
 Edited by G. Singh
 309pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50
 (paperback, £9.95).
 0521 309662

In the literary histories, F. R. Leavis will have to be re-recorded as the most significant figure, after T. S. Eliot, in twentieth-century English criticism; but who – now that the noise of his disputatious career has died down – will find reasons to read him? The posthumous influence of literary critics is tenuous enough by comparison with that of other writers, but Leavis's prospects look especially precarious. While the critical essays and letters of Eliot, Woolf and Lawrence will continue to be read, if only as aids to the understanding of their art, Leavis's writings have no such claim to currency. His importance in mid-century British culture was of a kind which required his vigilant presence, and thus could not outlive him: it was as a ferocious controversialist, and as the tireless organizer of the *Scrutiny* movement that he was loathed or revered. At one time there were many in the House of Lords who feared to pick up *The Times* in the morning, in case a letter from Leavis had exposed them as technocratic-Bonhamite enemies of Life. They can now recline more easily on the red benches: Leavis? Wasn't he the one who said there were only four novelists worth reading?

Leavis was (as Eliot remarked of Matthew Arnold) rather a propagandist for criticism than a critic. The title of one of his later books, *Nor Shall My Sword*, indicates well enough the quill which separated him from those Cambridge critics who went about armed only with microscopes and tweezers. Outside the pages of *Revaluation* and parts of *The Great Tradition* only a small proportion of his writings offers us critical elucidation of particular works. His missionary energies were devoted rather to the championing of reputations, to redrawing the larger map of literary history, to insisting that criticism mattered, and to rallying a disinclined elite against the collapse of civilized standards. It was in these enterprises, rather than in, say, his appreciation of *Daniel Deronda*, that Leavis achieved his importance in modern British culture. It was the idea of culture itself that was at stake in these battles, and that the *Scrutiny* group's militant conservatism succeeded in capturing in the name of the English literary tradition, offering the university English school as the true centre of cultural growth, or as the last sanctuary of those values once embodied in the "organic community" of rural England.

This quixotic cultural crusade is in danger of being forgotten or dismissed as an embarrassing but temporary dogmatic phase in English criticism, so it is worth being reminded of its significance, which is more than "merely historical" (to adopt literary criticism's favoured form of disavowal). As Francis Mulhem argued in his book *The Moment of "Scrutiny"*, Leavis achieved nothing less than the creation of that tautological impossibility, a British intelligentsia: an association or freemasonry of denigrated and disaffected writers consciously at odds with the whole culture in which they found themselves. His campaign transformed the idea of English literature from a treasury of fine writing into a form of guerrilla resistance against the cultural symptoms of capitalist development; and the impact of this transformation still reverberates across British education, through *The Penguin Guide to English Literature* and through two generations of "Leavisite" English teachers.

G. Singh has restored to us some of the essential documents of the Leavisian ascendancy which have long been hard to come by. *Valuation in Criticism* is not quite *The Essential Leavis*, and not a fully representative Selected Essays, but it contains many of the most important statements of Leavis's critical position which, alongside Q. D. Leavis's *Fiction and the Reading Public*, defined the purpose of the *Scrutiny* project. Among them is the "Retrospect" which Leavis wrote in 1963 for the twenty-volume reprint of *Scrutiny* and in which he summarized what he saw as that journal's achievements (its influence upon "key élites in India and Pakistan", for instance) while hinting darkly at academic careers built on plagiarism of its articles. More significant are the three essays in which he tackled what passed for Marxism in the early 1930s. By quoting different and contradictory accounts of Marxist cultural policy against each other and artfully pretending innocent bemusement, Leavis side-stepped the demand for political declarations while still offering young intellectuals of the time a "revolutionary" role as teachers of English. These articles are indispensable for any understanding of English criticism's uneasy political stance.

Of the other polemical pieces reprinted

here, Leavis's attacks on I. A. Richards, F. W. Bateson and W. W. Robson now have little claim to our attention except as exhibitions of his notoriously ill-tempered style of debate. The essay on Bateson wilfully confuses the founder of *Essays in Criticism* with that kind of Oxford scholastic from whom Bateson in fact stood well apart, and it goes on to claim that "Scrutiny was concerned to determine the significant points in the contemporary field and to make, with due analysis, the necessary judgments, and . . . its judgments have invariably turned out to be right." Leavis's immodesty was often perfectly healthy and even justified, but when it involved blindness of this sort, it was unforgivable. In the same category belong two pieces appearing in print for the first time, "Thought, Meaning and Sensibility" and "Standards of Criticism". Both are marred by the megalomaniac rambling of Leavis's later years, the former opening with a characteristic dismissal of an important adversary: "I didn't think Wellek distinguished or particularly intelligent. He may be said to know something about literature but be certainly doesn't know what literature is." So much for René Wellek.

This collection includes a few minor essays on George Eliot, Henry James and Joseph Conrad, which have some value as footnotes to *The Great Tradition*, but far the most fascinating pieces are those on T. S. Eliot and D. H. Lawrence, the twin pillars of Leavis's firmament. Leavis's career as a critic of modern literature can be summed up very briefly as a prolonged and painful defection from Eliot to Lawrence; and to follow this process, as Professor Singh allows us to do here, is to register the immense strain of conflict which Leavis felt between cosmopolitan modernism and the English provincial tradition. The extraordinary excitement of Eliot's impact upon students in the 1920s cannot be appreciated fully until one has read Leavis's essay "T. S. Eliot – A Reply to the Condescension" (1929). Here he speaks as a representative of a younger generation, which sees Eliot as a guide capable of leading it out of the Edwardian wilderness: "we await eagerly the promised statements of his position. And we believe that, whatever this may be, it is compatible with the complete intellectual integrity." Rarely has any critic handed out such a blank cheque.

A few months later, Leavis published another essay that he was soon to regret: his first assessment of Lawrence acknowledges the novelist's genius while noting "a certain inhumanity" in his "fanatical seriousness". It is

genuine criticism of the kind that Leavis achieves at his best, establishing a necessary relationship between a writer's strengths and weaknesses; its reservations, though, are firmly repudiated as defective and even as "stupid" in "Lawrence After Thirty Years" (1960). Leavis was not entirely incapable of self-criticism, then, but it needed a deep crisis of values to call forth such a vehement recantation: the Abdication Crisis (so to speak) provoked by T. S. Eliot. Far from lending any cultural revival, Eliot seemed to have relinquished critical standards altogether in the anaemic eclecticism of his journal *The Criterion*; worse, he rejected an article Leavis had submitted to it. Leavis had then to struggle on alone against the old guard of *belles-lettres* and to bear the consequent ostracism while Eliot's dereliction was rewarded with growing prestige. Turning from this Lost Leader, Leavis threw himself into the hero-worship of Lawrence, partly as a penance for having betrayed him to Eliot in 1930. The Leavisian campaign for critical discrimination required, paradoxically, a touchstone of value which had to remain exempt from critical scrutiny: Lawrence was installed, not for what he wrote but for what he could be said to "stand for" – the principle of Life itself.

The various grumblings of *resentiment* against Eliot which can be found scattered around Leavis's later writings come together with unusual coherence in the most significant of the hitherto unpublished pieces collected here. "T. S. Eliot's Influence", written in the early 1960s, includes a frontal attack on Eliot's seminal essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent", condemning it as an incoherent exercise in "pretentious intellectuality" in which the creed of impersonality absolves the artist "from responsibility towards life". Leavis makes a sharp distinction between two Eliots: the healthy Eliot whose diagnosis of a "disassociation of sensibility" in English culture inspired *Scrutiny*'s version of literary history, and the sickly Eliot who retreated from life into a Flaubertian limbo of impersonality. The problem with Eliot was, ultimately, that he was not English, as Leavis asserts in another essay: "But Eliot . . . was an American. Whatever he might assert to the contrary, in a notional way, he couldn't in his imagination, his vital, thinking conceive of a sophisticated art that grew out of a total organic culture." What made Leavis such an influential, and such a preposterous, figure was his readiness to forsake intelligent criticism in favour of this myth of organic Englishness.

Hunter seems to regard it as a true question. They are at cross-purposes, within a complex pragmatic confusion. Alice's assumption that the sentence must be a riddle is sociologically based. Poul Grice's rule, that comment in a conversation must be "relevant", would force her to conclude that the Hunter's apparently irrelevant comment must be a privileged utterance – a riddle, or use of language as a game, and therefore not at all irrelevant. The Hunter, however, is mad, and produces irrelevant utterances as a matter of course.

Fowler not only describes the linguistic tools he is offering, he uses them effectively. He analyses thirty-two writers (or more), and over sixty works, with fruitful results – Browning, Jane Austen, Pope, D. H. Lawrence, Marlowe, Fielding, Shakespeare, Sterne. He also describes the linguistic habits of many contemporary writers – including Marvin Preke, Richard Brautigan, Kurt Vonnegut and John Fowles. Clearly, the criticism is valid, and so is the method.

The Year's Work in English Studies, Volume 65, 1984, edited by Laurel Brake for the English Association, has recently appeared (957pp. Murray/Atlantic Highlands, NJ: Humanities Press, 0 7195 4348 7). The book's nineteen sections include opening survey of general work in literary history and criticism and in English language, followed by chronological treatment of English literature from Old English to the present century. There are also surveys of American literature, and of African, Caribbean, Indian, Australian and Canadian literature in English.

Picturing the Palestinian experience

Michael Gilson

WALID KHALIDI
Before their Diaspora: A photographic history of the Palestinians, 1876-1948
 312pp. Washington, DC: Institute for Palestine Studies. \$60.
 0887281435
 EDWARD SAID
After the Last Sky
 With photographs by Jean Mohr
 153pp. Faber. £6.95.
 0571 139183
 JEAN GENET
On Capitalism and the Arab
 344pp. Paris: Gallimard. 96fr.
 297 0700737

To write about or to picture the Palestinians is a wearying experience. Battling through the geography of *Kefiyeh*-masked hijackers or hapless refugees only to be labelled at the end "pro-Arab" is unpleasant. Actually to be Palestinian, and to attempt to address almost any audience with some hope of a measured response in good faith, is a far more difficult task. The heady days of the early 1970s are gone; the massacres of Sabra and Chatila fade in the world's memory. The present reality is a struggle for survival living on the cats and dogs of Burj al Barajneh, or under the weight of Israeli occupation. These three books attempt, often in very different ways, to subvert the grosser stereotypical categories through which Palestinian realities are usually rendered invisible. They engage with this invisibility – what might be called the problem of effacement – using varied narrative strategies, authorial voices and imagery.

Walid Khalidi's collection of photographs from the late nineteenth century to the crucial year of 1948 is introduced in a spare, academic tone. Captions are brief and hardly ever interpretative. The author is a well-known historian from a leading Palestinian family, and many of the photographs reflect the world of the notables and the liberal bourgeoisie that began to emerge in the late Ottoman period. Groups, teams, clubs and associations are everywhere: rows of private schoolboys cross-legged behind their silver trophies; the St George's football team that beat the American University in Beirut on the latter's home ground; the boy-scout troops ready for the trail. Delegations assemble on steps of government buildings or in the Vatican. Palestinian Christian Orthodox priests pose for their conference group photograph of 1932 opposite the dignitaries escorting the head of the Sanusi Order, Ahmed al-Sharif al-Sanusi, on his visit to Jerusalem in 1923, the lower part of his huge everted dagger inconspicuously on an enveloping shawl and the downcast gaze of the shadowed face.

More startlingly, Mr and Mrs Alfred Roch and their guests masquerade as Indian maharajas and maharanis across the page from the Mufti of Jerusalem receiving the Greek Patriarch and the Coptic bishop, the Armenian Patriarch and the Abyssinian abbot. Tight white collars, narrow tie-knots, two-tone shoes, fezzes and official court or army uniforms are placed in counterpoint to those anyone but curiously nostalgic "views" so beloved of the postcard photographers: aerial view of the Mount of Olives looking towards the Dead Sea; water-mill on the Ajlun river near Jaffa; Beit Sahur seen from Shepherd's Field near Bethlehem, looking east.

As we move towards 1948 and through the Great Rebellion of 1936-9 other captions appear: demonstrations, searches, detention camps, sabotage, guerrilla leaders. Hamid Zawahid, guerrilla commander for the Nablus district, poses in the studio in front of a painted backdrop in army uniform, jodhpurs well-tucked into impeccably shined high-laced boots; left arm behind the back, binoculars in right hand; heavy service pistol in decorated holster over his left hip, the bullets neatly lining the narrow leather belt. His moustache is disabily upturned, and his head-dress folds gracefully away framing the direct gaze. There are no doubts about how Liberation should be represented here. Turn two pages and a British soldier is standing in the ruins of a Jaffa he has helped to destroy as part of a punitive campaign. He looks cheerful and holds up a bullet body by the tail. Punishment and revenge are

in the air. Photo 283 is captioned "A favourite British punitive measure was blowing up the houses of suspects and those of their relatives." Photo 284 continues "Another favourite punitive measure was the harassment and occupation of Palestinian education institutions by British troops." Israeli policy continues British traditions of control, just as it continued with the Emergency Regulations that were a cornerstone of colonial repression.

Khalidi's distanced, measured voice, sparsely chronicling dispossession and landscapes now often named in another language, is one mode of addressing an audience. Edward Said and Jean Mohr seek to register a changed world in a different way. The elderly Palestinian seen in close-up on the cover of *After the Last Sky* is looking at the photographer through glasses the right lens of which is starred and fractured. His head is covered with a head-dress of white cloth and black cord, his broad nostrils loom over a sparse, white-flecked moustache. He is smiling. The soft framing of the face makes that one-eyed look oddly unproblematic, acute



A detail of Jean Mohr's final image in *After the Last Sky* (reviewed here), "Jerusalem, 1979; the photographer photographed." Another of Mohr's photographs is reproduced overleaf.

realizing the more violent resonances of the famous shot in Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*. Yet what Said calls this curiously balanced imbalance is also bothering, and serves as a founding image for the text.

Said returns constantly to this kind of formulation. He struggles to find a way of talking which can express what is fragmented in Palestinian society, politics and language, and what is special. The whole book conveys the effort to express a sense of invasion and rupture, both in a writer and in a people from whom he is himself distanced by life in America and a kind of exile. The odds against finding a way of talking are great. The endless betrayals, and somewhat of *realpolitik* betrayals, the labyrinthine treacheries of the Lebanese, confuse even the most well-intentioned. And there is always someone, not named, to sound the great necessary in good faith, to sound the great going of the Holocaust to drown out the reverberations of other injustices or afflictions.

The book reflects, and comments, argues and uses autobiography and critique to engage the reader with facets of Palestinian experience rather than with some vision of totality. Palestinians are constantly crossing over someone else's boundaries, forever making a new, precarious space. They repeat and re-create the manners and décor of an ever-receding but continually reimagined *Palästina*. For every major battle there are a thousand "tiny offensives" against scattered truths. To combat them requires a constant attention, alertness

and focus – Said's transposed version, perhaps, of James Joyce's silence, exile and cunning.

It requires no lesser vigilance to transcend "the obdurate assertiveness numbing the observer", the fetishizing of military postures, and the self-deceptions of the marginalized. Self-assertion and an insistence on continuing a historically anchored identity can easily appear, to the bored or hostile, as just so many proofs of a cause defeated – the pathetic, irritating repetitions of people who simply will not accept that a fight has been lost, that the odds are too great, that their enemies are too many or too strong, that they should just go away.

It is not difficult to grasp Said's own bafflement before the unremitting support of Israel, particularly in America, and the unrelenting hostility to the Palestinians. He is a rationalist, in the last analysis, for whom this question has no easy answer: "Despite our subordinate status, our widely scattered exile, our reduced circumstances, our extraordinary military weakness relative to Israel (and the other Arabs), how is it that we appear so overwhelmingly threatening to everyone?" Jean Mohr's photographs are integral to the book. They dramatize the better to allow us to approach the Palestinians with at least some hint of the ordinariness we need to sense before we can feel the extraordinariness of their situation. Where Khalidi's collection evokes a world and a social order irrevocably past, Mohr catches the prosaic actualities of a society which may be fractured but is not incoherent. Workers sit tired and drawn at the end of the day in a Nablus soap factory (also pictured years earlier in *Before their Diaspora*, though with much less immediacy). They glance sideways at the intruding camera and make the viewer feel intrusive; but intrusive on something real, rather than something created merely to titillate. Many of the pictures capture a moment of action, in a remarkably unforced way. These portraits draw no attention to the art of the photographer. They do not dramatize the transforming power of the lens, but nor do they appeal to a documentary realism. They are not "striking". It seems entirely appropriate that the book should end with the Swiss photographer himself shot in mime by two small children mimicking and mocking his surveillance. The energy and clarity here stimulate Said – and the reader – to critical and questioning reflection.

Where Said's writing is tense, urgent and engaged, that of the late Jean Genet is extended, ruminative, apart. The long classical paragraphs unfold with a grace appropriate to one who never forgets for a moment that he is choosing, placing and interpreting the memories of his life with the Palestinians in "ce léger travail d'écriture". He can follow himself back to scenes of a young conscript in the French Mandate forces in Damascus in the mid-1920s, playing cards in the alley with local butlers while Army patrols go by, not noticing the forbidden fraternization. Some forty-five years later, in 1971, he returns, but this time to the camps of Amman and Irbid. The old French writer who has not written for ten years or so is out playing forbidden games again, fraternizing. In 1982 and 1984 he returns, to relocate himself and his writing in and through the Palestinians.

Genet's is a rhythmically subtle meditation, flowing between memory, distilled and recreated voices of now dead *fedayin*, evocations of the history of the fighters in Jordan, reflections on his own trajectory through the 1960s and 1970s, from the Black Panthers to the Palestinians. Voices and scenes fade in and out in a kind of dream or montage. Through it all run the self-questionings of the old man. What attracted him here? How does he appear to them, and when with them, what is he? Genet returns at key moments to the relation between writing and his life. He has come to understand that what seemed his heroic acts were no more than their simulacrum, well or badly imitated by hardly matters, for the eyes of the onlookers had hardly noticed. "Ma vie était ainsi composée de gestes sans conséquences subtilement boursouflées en actes d'audace . . . ma vie s'inscrivait en creux." Hollowness and not heroism marked his thieving, prostituted youth; prison was in reality without risk. He lives, in his time with the Palestinians, in the interior of a fiction, theirs as much as his.

This is not a post-modernist game. It appears

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Relevant riddles

E. L. Epstein

ROGER FOWLER
Linguistic Criticism
 190pp. Oxford University Press. Paperback, £4.95.
 0192891111

Many modern critics have absorbed the lessons of linguistics on the nature of literary language. Many still resist. Roger Fowler's *Linguistic Criticism* is the latest of his tactful attempts to achieve a rapprochement between linguistics and literary criticism. Of course, such attempts would not have been necessary before the nineteenth century. Before the development of linguistics as a highly technical study of language, it was taken for granted that literary criticism would always include descriptions of the language of the text. Criticism may itself have originated as linguistic analysis, with the Athenian and Alexandrian commentaries on Homer; throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, language study was at the centre of literary culture. Dante carefully established a linguistic basis for vernacular poetry; and Skelton and Jonson both wrote "poetic grammars". Then, linguistics took an alien turn: there appeared such novelties as laws of sound-shift and, later, transformational grammar's "phrase-markers", and linguistics and criticism took separate paths.

Paul de Man declared that it is impossible to mark the limits of literary criticism, so linguistics may be a possible tool for literary critics. All Fowler wants from critics is "a general

principle of attentiveness to language", an "acceptance of the lesson of language within literary education". Although the "analytic method is to be drawn from linguistics", the characterization of linguistics as a "kind of human machine capable only of dismantling literary works" is a "misleading caricature of linguistic criticism". Fowler hopes that his book will do something to reassure critics that the method of linguistic criticism does not "work in that mechanical way". Chomsky long ago asserted that linguistics is not a "discovery procedure", that is, a machine for producing interpretations automatically from a text. Fowler insists that the significance of linguistic structures cannot be read off mechanically from the text: "a semiotic assessment in relation to cultural factors is required".

Although Fowler asserts that the reader of this book should have "some knowledge of linguistics", he is careful to present clearly the linguistics he himself uses there. He is gentle in his wailing of the critics; all is genial and humanistic. Chomsky's name appears only four times, in passing, and there is not a single sentence-diagram in the book.

The aspects of linguistics that Fowler uses for critical purposes are sociolinguistics – the study of the language as it is used in social interaction. For example, he makes major use of pragmatics, the theory of speech-acts originated by J. L. Austin and John Searle. Pragmatics is only possible in a social context. For example, the pragmatic interplay at the Mid-Hatter's Tea Party is rich with social implications. Alice thinks that the sentence "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" is a riddle; the Mad

Hatter seems to regard it as a true question. They are at cross-purposes, within a complex pragmatic confusion. Alice's assumption that the sentence must be a riddle is sociologically based. Poul Grice's rule, that comment in a conversation must be "relevant", would force her to conclude that the Hunter's apparently irrelevant comment must be a privileged utterance – a riddle, or use of language as a game, and therefore not at all irrelevant. The Hunter, however, is mad, and produces irrelevant utterances as a matter of course.

Fowler not only describes the linguistic tools he is offering, he uses them effectively. He analyses thirty-two writers (or more), and over sixty works, with fruitful results – Browning, Jane Austen, Pope, D. H. Lawrence, Marlowe, Fielding, Shakespeare, Sterne. He also describes the linguistic habits of many contemporary writers – including Marvin Preke, Richard Brautigan, Kurt Vonnegut and John Fowles. Clearly, the criticism is valid, and so is the method.

The Year's Work in English Studies, Volume 65, 1984, edited by Laurel Brake for the English Association, has recently appeared (957pp. Murray/Atlantic Highlands, NJ: Humanities Press, 0 7195 4348 7). The book's nineteen sections include opening survey of general work in literary history and criticism and in English language, followed by chronological treatment of English literature from Old English to the present century. There are also surveys of American literature, and of African, Caribbean, Indian, Australian and Canadian literature in English.

246 13165 2 £10.95

to be rather a cool assessment. Genet uses the image of finger puppets or marionettes to express the constant measuring of the distance, the lack of accord, between the puppeteer's voice and the dolls' jerky movements. It is the distance between those dead figures, to whom he believes he gives life, and his words. He gives them movement and makes them speak in a French they never knew. Literary illusion may still be the best way of uncovering the skeleton beneath words, clothes, mourning. "L'auteur aussi, comme ceux dont il parle, est mort."

This might sound trite, or precious, or merely dull, but it is none of these things. Genet's eye is completely unsentimental. The pages on the relationship between the bidonvilles of Amman and the palace of King Hussein are as curiously perceptive as anything more apparently "objective" on Palestinian-Jordanian affairs. Images and moments suddenly shoot by, bright as the tracer bullets to which Genet compares the lives of the fedayin. There are passages of great concentration that distill an essence out of his experience: the card game played without cards, or the anaphoric singing of the young fighters in the darkness just before dawn. These austere, rhapsodic sequences, in rendering the guerrillas poetic, almost mythic, do so without romanticism.

Genet's characteristic savagery against Order and Power are evident in the tone in which he writes of the State of Israel, or the *chefs* and the Palestinian grand bourgeoisie. As always the margins draw him. But if it is the marginality of these people of camps and the quick farewell shadowed by imminent death that has attracted him it is without eroticism. Sexuality, like that other old theme of Genet's, *le mal*, is virtually absent.

What does draw him to these young men, apart from their struggle, is his sense of their "jeu et fête". There is a joy and a berolism of extraordinary lightness. The heaviness lies in the risk of its being no more than a pose or a

theatrical moment. The fedayin are all too aware of their parts in the world spectacle of violence. They know what it is to strike an attitude before the dazzle of flashbulbs. Genet makes one of them say, or remembers one of them saying, that the revolution "risquait, à force d'exaltation rhétorique... de s'irréaliser. Nos combats sont au bord de devenir des poses, héroïques en apparence, mais jouées à la perfection." History's duatin may still be the final receptacle of their dreams.

Un Captif amoureux is a search for a mother and her son. Hamza and his mother recur throughout the book, sometimes as a *maier dolorosa*, sometimes as projections of Genet's deepest longings, sometimes as a kind of test of the truthfulness of the vision of a night in Irbid fourteen years before his search ended with their rediscovery. Genet demythologizes himself in tracking down his memory to a Palestinian camp. He takes, finally, the role of witness. "Le témoin est seul. Il parle." And when, in the last line, he says "cette dernière page de mon livre est transparente", the reader experiences that transparency as true.

United nations?

Adam Kuper

ANTHONY D. SMITH
The Ethnic Origins of Nations
312pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £25.
0631 52059

WILLIAM H. McNEILL
Polyethnicity and National Unity in World History
85pp. Toronto University Press. £10.50
(paperback, £5.50).
08020 57306

"Recently there has been a growing convergence of interests among historians and social scientists," Anthony D. Smith remarks on the first page of his new book, "and the subject of their concerns has been the origins and shape of the modern world." A central theme has been nationalism and ethnicity, addressed in these two books by Smith, a British sociologist, and the North American comparative historian, William H. McNeill.

Smith divides students of ethnicity into two camps. The one treats ethnic identity as primordial and perennial, always apt for political mobilization. The other tendency, which he calls Herschelian, regards ethnicity as a protean response to changing environments, "a highly variable and dispensable resource". Perennialists might regard Quebec nationalism, for example, as a continuous historical movement, a fire always burning, sometimes damped down but still smouldering, ready to burst into flame again. Contextualists might rather interpret the Quebec movement of the 1960s and 70s as the product of specific, contemporary cultural and social conditions (which produced similar and yet significantly divergent effects in Scotland, Wales and Ulster, in Brittany and in the Spanish Basque country, and so on).

Smith himself is a hardy perennialist. Ethnicity is a primordial bond which can be traced in the remotest antiquity. It takes a bold man to seek "ethnic groups" in Ptolemaic Egypt or Amorite Babylon, but Smith finds them, and even maps them, producing charts of ethnic migrations, complete with arrows, which recall the hoary accounts of folk movements in long-disordered school textbooks. Indeed, he pushes the story even further back, resuscitating antiquated anthropological models of "pastoralist societies" giving way to settled, agrarian ones; and actually tries to define forms of ethnic identity appropriate to each mode of production.

It is something of a relief to move on, in the second part of the book, to the modern world. Smith rejects the traditional sociological view that ethnic particularism is bound to disappear in modern, industrial states. On the contrary, modern nationalism stems directly from primordial ethnicity. The modern State rules over a territory and not a putative descent group, yet Smith believes that it needs to build upon an ethnic identity. Admittedly, some States will have problems with ethnic minorities. "Nevertheless, the historical predominance



A Palestinian wedding party outside the Badawi refugee camp, Tripoli, May 1983.

and cultural-political domination of the state's core ethnic has been so great that it has largely dictated the forms and content of the social institutions and political life of the whole population within the borders of the territorial state." At times Smith seems almost to echo *ethnos* theory, a product of late German Romanticism which by a strange irony survives today only in the anthropology departments of Moscow and Pretoria. His message is certainly more sophisticated, but the moral seems to be rather similar. The State is legitimated by its association with a dominant ethnic group. By implication, one may understand why it devalues the citizenship of those who belong to other ethnic groups.

McNeill is a perennialist too, but in his Donald G. Creighton Lectures, delivered at the University of Toronto in 1985, he sets out a completely different relationship between ethnicity and nationhood. Before 1750, he argues, most civilized societies (though not, for example, Japan) were polyethnic. Only the "barbarians" were at all ethnically homogeneous. The ethnic mix of advanced societies followed from conquest and the development of trade. Urbanization and its shadow, endemic disease, maintained a demand for new migrants, drawing people from various traditional communities into metropolitan centres. Cultural accommodation occurred, but some groups maintained their old ethnic identities, especially if these were stiffened by religious difference.

Between 1750 and 1920 Europe entered an age of nationalism, which was also a period of ethnic chauvinism, when people looked to the phantom standard of one nation, one ethnic group. This illusion was "enthusiastically embraced at exactly the time when western European nations were building world-quelling empires, where diverse peoples met and mingled on a scale never equalled before".

This was an unstable conjuncture (at least in the vast perspectives of time which McNeill takes for granted). After the trauma of two world wars, in which the price of nationalism became apparent to all, came the rise of the super-powers, both of them multi-ethnic States, and of huge multi-national trading corporations. It is now apparent that "the special conditions supporting the ideal and partial reality of national ethnic unity were transitory, whereas the factors promoting ethnic mixing were enduring. They are indeed norms for civilized societies."

The immediate moral drawn by McNeill for his audience is that Canadian nationalism and Quebec separatism are both historically outmoded reactions to the modern world. He could not, of course, develop a nuanced argument in the space of only eighty-five pages, and in a course of lectures addressed to the general public, but he does essay a characteristically bold and suggestive synthesis.

McNeill's argument directly contradicts Smith's, for he regards the modern State as fundamentally and characteristically polyethnic, and nationalism as a thing of the past. Yet

both McNeill and Smith are vulnerable to similar attacks from two flanks. Sociologists of the plural society school would agree with McNeill that most modern States are polyethnic, but they would emphasize the endemic conflict between ethnic blocs competing for power within the State. This is particularly evident today in ex-colonial countries.

Smith defines the dilemma of modern African States in these terms: a one-sided recourse to the traditions and personnel of the dominant ethnic community, itself a tilt towards an "ethnic model" of the nation, carries grave dangers. The alternative strategy is to construct a new "political culture" out of the various ethnic traditions within the territorial state... In effect, this means that the new territorial state must acquire ethnic dimensions and characteristics, if it lacks them.

But this is to concede that the future must bring national unity on some more or less imaginary European model. (Bismarck's Germany? Or Hitler's?) It is quite as likely to see the consolidation of ethnic blocs which will continue to compete for power within the State. Plural society theorists suggest that there may be a stable but bloody equilibrium, but that genocidal conflict will remain a possibility.

For McNeill, ethnic conflict within the State is hardly a problem at all now that the tiresome fantasy of national unity has been safely buried. Yet many States actually survive by feeding ethnic or religious or racial particularism, even though in doing so they nurture the potential for violent eruptions. Smith is surely wrong to treat "ethnic" nation States as the norm, but McNeill is not entitled to have such faith in the national unity of polyethnic States. Lebanon, South Africa, Sri Lanka, Ulster cannot be left out of account when ethnicity and nationalism are in question today. Nazi Germany, Stalin's Russia, and the empires of Turkey, Austria, Spain, Britain and France cannot be dismissed as aberrations.

Anthropologists, usually less concerned with nations, are more apt to relativize ethnicity itself. It is not a primordial identity which confronts the modern State, but more likely a product of specific contemporary processes, even though it will always seek mythical origins in the remote past. Smith pays attention to this mythologizing process, but identifies it as a search for national roots in an ethnic heritage. Anthropologists may counter that ethnicity is itself a cultural construct, to be understood in contemporary terms. Maryon McDonald's deconstruction of the Breton movement is a powerful exercise in this mode. Matching this sort of cultural analysis is a more sociological argument, associated with the Norwegian anthropologist Fredrik Barth, which analyzes the "negotiation" of ethnic identities and boundaries in specific political contexts, and suggests again that such changes in context radically undercut any substantive historical continuities in ethnic identity. It is a pity that Smith does not come to terms with these alternative perspectives. He cannot claim McNeill's excuse for selectivity, and his book

From within and without

Sunil Khilnani

RAJIV C. THOMAS
Indian Security Policy
312pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press.
£25.
0691 07224X

For all its current crises and difficulties, the Indian State remains extremely strong. Domestically, it has managed for some considerable time now to contain secessionist movements and political violence. Internationally, it is still able to hold its position as a major regional power, though Pakistan's recent military shopping spree is bound to challenge this. Raju Thomas's timely study on India's security policies since independence is intended to trace how, despite turbulent episodes, the country has successfully constructed and conducted a policy which ensures it a measure of security and regional power.

India's strength derives from at least two elements: an extensive and entrenched bureaucracy, and a relatively well-equipped and disciplined military which has never so far sought to involve itself directly in the political government of the republic. Thomas is primarily concerned with this latter element, in particular with the formulation of defence strategy, weapons and technology procure-

ment policies, and the relations between military and paramilitary forces and domestic politics.

He identifies two major shifts in India's security policies over the past four decades, both of which originate from the significant alterations in the nation's external security and domestic political environments since the early 1970s. Realignments in international super-power relations (the growth of Sino-American ties, the cooling of Soviet-American relations), and the increase in American military aid to Pakistan (particularly after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan), combined with the distinct probability that Pakistan now possesses a nuclear weapons capability, has led India to revise its defence strategy from one of "sufficient defence" against potential Pakistani or Chinese aggression to one of "limited deterrence", relying on a broadly based conventional and thinly veiled nuclear weapons capability. This shift to a strategy of "limited deterrence" raises explicitly the question of a nuclear arms race on the subcontinent, and all present indications are that indeed this is what is about to happen. In conjunction with its nuclear programme, India has also a fairly developed space and rocket-launching programme, and despite the recent unsuccessful attempt to launch India's newest rocket, it is likely that by the end of the decade India will have the capability to launch nuclear warheads.

The other shift which Thomas points to is

The destiny of a dynasty

Elizabeth Nissan

YASMINE GOONERATNE
Relative Merits: A personal memoir of the Bandaranaike family of Sri Lanka
269pp. Hurst. £12.95.
0906388 871

As a child in colonial Ceylon, Yasmine Gooneratne did not find it at all strange that "God was the only Person I had ever heard of who had a longer history than ours, and more glittering titles." Her extensive and wealthy family, the Dias Bandaranaike, could provide a "stately wholeness of life" for its children, secure in its aristocratic privilege and its Anglicized values. Some fifty years later, from her new home in Australia, she looks back to the island that is now Sri Lanka, and to her childhood home, "splintered and sub-divided".

In *Relative Merits: A personal memoir*, Gooneratne juxtaposes memories and family myths with material drawn from the historical record of the changing world they inhabited, skillfully interconnecting stories. There are tales about the honours members of the family received, their political dealings, their loves and losses, their litigation, their eccentricities. More than fifty Bandaranaike names are named, along with members of several other related families. Yet it was a small and self-contained world: such a family, though widely travelled, highly educated and politically powerful, kept to itself.

Gooneratne's own background was unusual. Her father returned to Ceylon from studies in Trinidad with a young and beautiful Indian bride. The announcement of his engagement had caused upheaval, bringing out the worst prejudices and fears of the family. But Esther soon became "one of us", and an ardent upholder of family tradition; she differed from the Bandaranaike women, however, in being an unremarkable cook. She was also determined to educate her daughters - "madness" in her husband's eyes - so that they would not suffer the total dependence that marriage had brought her. As for Yasmine's father, the zeal with which in his career as a government officer he sought out injustice and corruption was to be his downfall. To his daughters he appeared larger than life; only when Yasmine's sister went to identify his body in the hospital mortuary did he look "just like an ordinary person".

From Victorian times, Europe (particularly England) was the source of all that was desired by the Bandaranaike. Tutors from England were brought to Ceylon to educate Yasmine's uncles. European governesses taught her. Men of the family (and later, women, including herself) received their university

education in England, preferably at Oxford or Cambridge. "Wherever literary ability and scholarship appeared, we worshipped it." Members of the family went to Europe "doing the grand", seeking first hand experience of the kind of life they tried to emulate at home. Eliza Dias Bandaranaike was presented to Queen Victoria in 1895, visited Ascot and saw the military Tournament at Islington (where, she wrote home, "Zulus charged in savage chomps"). But Europe also had an unsettling effect on these visitors: in the heartland of London the Empire, which seemed so secure from Ceylon, and on which the Bandaranaike style of life depended, revealed itself to have a less than firm grip on the world.

Yasmine's branch of the family also had an insecure grip on their world at home. Independence came in 1948, followed by new legislation on landownership. The estates were threatened and some land was sold. An uncle, S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike, had returned from Oxford inspired by nationalist ideals. He converted from Anglicanism to Buddhism and exchanged his Western suits for national dress. S.W.R.D.'s father (Yasmine's grandfather), Sir Solomon Bandaranaike, had been a confirmed Anglophile - even in death: embalmed and laid out in his mausoleum, he was dressed "in morning-dress and spats, a white carnation in his button-hole, his top hat, stick and gloves laid beside him". His son's political style could not have presented a more stark contrast. In 1956, S.W.R.D. led his party to an overwhelming victory at the polls, campaigning on behalf of "the 'everybodies' and 'anybodies'" who had so far been denied a voice in politics, and appealing to populist sentiment in his promise of a return to Sinhala Buddhist values. He was assassinated three years later, to be followed as Prime Minister by his wife, Sirimavo Bandaranaike, the first woman in the world to achieve such an office. Most members of the family seem to have been unconvinced by S.W.R.D.'s victory, but some were his ardent supporters (including Yasmine's father, whose Sinhala chauvinism increased with his age). And when Mrs Bandaranaike came to power, a relative whom Yasmine usually found liberal and moderate in his views commented, "what does she know of politics? In Solle's [S.W.R.D.'s] time Sirima presided over nothing fiercer than the kitchen fire." The nationalist trend which was set in motion in the 1950s has since split the country, and Yasmine's outrage at the consequences is clear in her references to the rioting, killing, rape and arson that periodically afflict the island. By the time she left for Australia in the early 1970s she found the atmosphere in Sri Lanka intolerable.

Gooneratne compresses the wider political context of Sri Lanka into very little space, referring to key events only briefly and prefer-

ring to illustrate change through the perspective of members of her family. This works well for the most part, but might cause difficulty for those unacquainted with Sri Lankan society and history. *Relative Merits* concentrates on a period which has passed, when Western values and an ostentatiously Western style of life were in the ascendant, and provides a rich, sensitive, yet critical, account. But in leaving her readers with an image of decay ("Old clans degenerate

and processes of policy formulation and decision-making, and in the relations between the armed forces and the body politic - he speaks of a "merging" of the decision-making bodies that deal with internal and external security". Unfortunately, his discussion of this pressing and complex question is not as extended or sophisticated as it could be, and is limited to describing types of political violence in India, and enumerating instances when the military and paramilitary have been involved in quelling such episodes.

Thomas has written a sober, conscientious book which covers a good deal of ground and includes interesting discussions of the economic costs and benefits of defence spending (an issue of some pertinence, given that India is currently spending more on defence than ever before), and of India's attempts to develop self-reliance in defence technology. But as he occasionally acknowledges in his well-organized narrative, he is dealing with an intensely political subject.

Schematic description has a certain usefulness, but really to get an intellectual grip on the kinds of questions that are implicitly buried in Thomas's study - how does a newly created democratic state succeed in preserving and reproducing itself in an environment which is often both internally and externally hostile? - would require a considerably more intricate idiom of political and historical explanation.

Ancestral property, wrought upon by time and by human weakness, begins to split and splinter", Yasmine Gooneratne finally leaves a misleading impression. For, changed and fragmented though the Bandaranaike family may be, sections of it are still prestigious and powerful. Certain Bandaranaike - not least Sirimavo and her son - are still forces to be reckoned with in Sri Lankan politics. The times have changed, but the family lives on.

THE TIMES



Doomsday prophecy

Despite all the election promises, our future economy and democracy faces collapse. That's the prediction of Peter Jay (above) and Professor Michael Stewart in their book *Apocalypse 2000, Economic Breakdown and the Suicide of Democracy*. Read Peter Ackroyd's review in *The Times* Books Page on Thursday



... and regularly in *The Times*, Bernard Levin on the way we live now, David Miller on sport, Kenneth Fleet on finance, Irving Wardle at the theatre, Jane MacGillivray on wine, Geoffrey Smith on politics, Barbara Amiel's viewpoint, Paul Griffiths on music, Shona Crawford Poole on travel, Jonathan Meades on eating out, the unique *Times* crossword ... and much more

THE TIMES

The world's most famous newspaper (25p)

A Californian nightmare

Patricia Highsmith

NUELEMMONS (Editor)
Without Grace: Charles Manson in his
own words
221pp. Grafton. £12.95.
0246 13675

The name Charles Manson may be now ring only a dim bell, but if the memory is jogged by "the Sharon Tate murder", recollection comes: that cult figure, guru of wayward youth, plotter of evil. Nuel Emmmons, who took down Manson's words in interviews in prison over seven years, dedicated his book to "the destruction of a myth". Manson has no mystic powers, Emmmons says in his preface and conclusion, he is merely a human being to whom life dealt an odd hand of cards. Emmmons does not for an instant, however, imply that Manson should be "excused".

Why did the motiveless murders happen, seven or eight people killed in their Los Angeles homes during a two-day period in 1969? This book explains, as far as patient inquiry and frank answers can, why Charles Manson's curious yet brutal life-story led to the violence that was to land him in jail for the rest of his life. In 1969, Manson was thirty-four. He loved his "family", twenty or so young women who had chosen to run away from home and join him, a few young men who had done the same. "But murder," Manson would say to Nuel Emmmons, "that wasn't ever in the picture, no way."

Manson was born (in Ohio, where his mother "happened to be visiting") to an unmarried sixteen-year-old from Kentucky. A picture of him at about six, with twenty others of his Kentucky kinfolk, suggests an unwashed backwoods society of feuds, illiteracy and incest. Charley is a squirmy little fellow in the front row, grinning. His mother had little time for him, and by ten or eleven he was acquainted with reform schools. At twelve, he ran away from the Gibault Home for Boys in Terre Haute, Indiana - and reached his mother, who told him she didn't want him, and was backed up by her man friend, who said, "I can't stand this kid." His mother took him back to juvenile court. This was a big turning-point for Charles Manson, and he was to have two more similar ones, the first involving his wife and year-old child: she stopped visiting Manson after he had been in prison for a year, and, on first reading, this story is touching. Yet what kind of woman was she to begin with, and wasn't she perhaps wise to find another mate, as she did? Her character, like other characters, especially the females, is not fleshed out, but perhaps Manson was not forthcoming to Emmmons.

At twelve and for a few years onwards, Manson was in the Indiana School for Boys, manned by sadist guards and sexual pervers, according to Manson. Here he had his first experiences with male rapists, beatings on his bare behind with a leather strap, and wet tobacco and horse dung shoved up his anus. He retaliated against one attacker by beating him unconscious with a metal rod while he slept; then he slipped the rod into the bed of a warden so the latter would get the blame. The seeds of bitterness, of near hopelessness in regard to justice, were being well planted.

At twenty-three, free again, and very happy for a while with a wife, a job and domestic life, Manson finds that neither he nor his wife knows how to manage their modest finances: They are always broke. Solution? Steal. This is followed by prison. The wife having left him, Manson turns his wits to learning how to pimp, and there were plenty of pimps in prison to tutor him. On the outside, he piles this trade (with medium success, drives a second-hand (or maybe stolen) car, but the day when Manson's eye lights upon a van is a real landmark in his career. A person can sleep in a van, have two or three girls, maybe more, living in the van: a home on wheels. Slowly, his "family" is born, with a van, then a bus as headquarters. This is California in the 1960s, where the distances are great, desert land everywhere, and few questions asked about a free-wheeling lifestyle. LSD (acid) is abundant and cheap. Some brs, unexpected Santa Clauses, give it out like candy, according to Manson.

Manson insists that he never coerced any girl

or young man to join his group, and escorted at least one girl back home when she said she wanted to leave. "I just gave them what they couldn't get at home" is Manson's stand. It is perhaps significant that his maternal grandparents were Bible-thumping, devout and stern. One of his followers, Ruth Anne Moorehouse, was the daughter of a minister, ran away at fourteen to join Manson, was recaptured by her parents and told that she was not her own boss until she married. She then married a bus-driver, divorced, and returned to Manson's group, where she remained. Ruth Anne appears in four photographs here, a handsome girl with long dark hair and intelligent eyes. There are sixteen pages of photographs, of Manson's places of confinement, of sunlit communal life in the desert, Ruth Anne and others like Lyn Fromme, Sandra Good, Mary Brunner, of their home in the desert at the George Spahn Movie Ranch (scene of

many a Western town in films), half an hour by car from Hollywood - convenient for drugs, fun, people and food. One picture shows four of the teenaged girls at the large garbage bin of a supermarket, gathering day-old and discarded items to take back to the ranch.

They made ends meet by stealing cars, some drug-dealing, and they paid old George Spahn rent. He put up with them, because the girls kept his house clean, and it seems gave him some sexual favours. Manson practised guitar-playing with some of the girls as vocal backing. He wrote his own material, and got on appointment for a recording via a member of the Beach Boys. Life might have looked up for him, except that he blew it by making a scene at the first recording session: his girls wanted to face him when they sang, and why couldn't they? Because the acoustics weren't set up for that, was the reply. But Manson was never one to listen to reason. By the same token, a con-



Manson during a television interview in 1982. The photograph is reproduced from the book reviewed above.

After the abduction

Caroline Moorehead

MARK BLES and ROBERT LOW
The Kidnap Business
295pp. Pelham. £12.95.
07207 16772

"I am not prepared to die quietly", declared Hannu Martin Schlayer, President of the Federation of German Industry, a week after being kidnapped by terrorists, "in order to cover up for the mistakes of the Government, the parties that support it, and the inadequacies of their much praised BKA [police] chief." Aldo Moro, from his People's Prison in Rome, in a bitter letter addressed to the Christian Democratic leaders felt too that those in power were responsible for his plight and that they would "never throw this weight of guilt off their shoulders".

This note of reproach is not confined to the letters of men who feel that they are being betrayed by their country. Ordinary people, kidnapped not for political gain, but for cash, come, after a few days in captivity, to use the same accusatory language. "I ask the Press to publish this everywhere so that if I do not come back the fault will be with my kidnappers, but also with my family who prove that they prefer money to me", wrote a Roman businessman, Sergio Martinelli, from the underground cell

where he was being held by a criminal gang. This kind of message has become one of the most painful and distinctive features of modern kidnappings.

Martinelli's abduction is one of four cases, three Italian, one Colombian, studied in detail in the first half of *The Kidnap Business*. Mark Bles and Robert Low selected these particular cases because the strategies behind them differ and because in all four incidents a ransom negotiator was called in to advise on transactions with the kidnappers. All four victims survived. Their stories, first heard from their families and later reconstructed more fully after their release, read like rather perfunctory thrillers.

The second half of the book contains an analysis of the crime of kidnapping, the ways in which it is conducted today, and the reactions of police forces in countries where kidnappers have managed to establish some hold: Italy, West Germany, Spain, the Netherlands and Britain. Bles and Low provide extremely brief accounts of the major kidnaps and kidnapping epidemics of the century. But unfortunately no listing of crimes, can ever be very gripping, and here even the most frightful stories - fingers dispatched in hot-dog rolls, blood drawn litre by litre - take on a remote Chamber of Horrors air.

But *The Kidnap Business* does explore new ground when the authors consider the reac-

tion of individual governments to the way negotiations are carried out, as well as the methods adopted by security consultants in order to reduce the ransom without jeopardizing the lives of victims. Jargon such as "The Proof Question" or "The Crisis Management Committee" may be irritating, but the strategies they conceal are well worth considering. The authors are also convinced that the decision made in Italy and West Germany to ban kidnapping insurance on the grounds that it encourages the crime and that it is immoral to make money from kidnapping, is wrong. If a man can insure his car, they argue, he should certainly be allowed to insure his wife and child. Other experts have found the ethical question harder to decide.

The Kidnap Business is unusual in that one of its authors, Mark Bles, a former member of the SAS, has worked in the "K and R" business. In the book the full-blown theatre of individual abductions sits a little uneasily with a dispassionate dissection of the crime. But what emerges with absolute clarity is that kidnapping is a savage and loathsome business and that if one is unfortunate enough to be abducted, one would wish to find oneself in Holland, where the criminals seem, in the main, to be professionals (it is the amateurs who are the sadists and bunglers) and where the record of recovery is excellent and the police are backed by public and government.

Nuel Emmmons had met the twenty-one-year-old Manson sometime before when he was in prison for a minor offence. He was able to renew this acquaintance, to gain Manson's confidence, and was allowed to visit Manson in prison and take down his story. It is fascinating, as haphazard as the life, but as well organized as Manson's recollection permits. ("Dates and places are not my thing...") It could happen only in America, and maybe only in California.

tions of individual governments to the way negotiations are carried out, as well as the methods adopted by security consultants in order to reduce the ransom without jeopardizing the lives of victims. Jargon such as "The Proof Question" or "The Crisis Management Committee" may be irritating, but the strategies they conceal are well worth considering. The authors are also convinced that the decision made in Italy and West Germany to ban kidnapping insurance on the grounds that it encourages the crime and that it is immoral to make money from kidnapping, is wrong. If a man can insure his car, they argue, he should certainly be allowed to insure his wife and child. Other experts have found the ethical question harder to decide.

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A judge who breaks the rules

Patrick Devlin

JAMES PICKLES
Straight from the Bench: Is justice just?
112pp. Phoenix House. £12.95.
0480 07006 t

It would be difficult to finish this book without reaching the conclusion that the author, Judge Pickles, is rather an odd character. But oddities in the judiciary are rare enough to be interesting. And the book is centred on a point of some general concern: should serving judges air their views through the media? Furthermore, he writes with remarkable candour about his follies as well as his opinions and with that particular sort of humility that accompanies an unshakeable belief in one's own rectitude. And finally he is the first judge I know of to defy a Lord Chancellor and to take to the hustings with a programme of reform.

He is a radical; the judiciary is deeply conservative: this is the theme of *Straight from the Bench*. It is not, I would say, impossible to sponsor legal reforms from within, but success in the endeavour will need both persistence and tact. The judge's persistence is undeniable but the recording angel must long ago have marked the Pickles balance sheet with an indelible nil for tact.

He was made a circuit judge in 1976. He records that upon his assignment to a group of judges he found several improvements to be necessary. Within a few days he had delivered to the senior judge, Judge K. (very right-wing though he did not get it from a public school, not that Judge P. wholly decries the education at public schools but snobbery and class divisions are not desirable), a list of the changes. Judge K. was shocked: "the arrogance; been here five minutes and want to change every-

thing; not going to be dictated to by you". Judge P. kept cool and does not wish to defame Judge K.'s memory. But the upshot was two systems in the same group and a hope that Judge P. would soon be moved.

Within four years of his appointment five complaints about his judicial behaviour were before the presiding judge of the circuit - one from the Court of Appeal, one from an MP and three from the leader of the circuit on the information of barristers who had appeared before Judge Pickles. The latter kept calm and "explained that the difference between him and me was that I was a radical".

In April 1984 Judge Pickles presented the Lord Chancellor with a long memorandum of his views on the Kilnmuir Rules. These so-called rules were made by Lord Chancellor Kilnmuir in 1955. They make it desirable, though not imperative, that judges should consult with the Lord Chancellor before appearing on television or radio or in the press. They do not seem to me to go much further than the common law principle of "fidelity" in contracts of service. This is that a servant in full-time employment and paid accordingly must not act in a way that might seriously diminish the value of his services to his employer. Judges are no use to anybody unless they are impartial in appearance as well as in reality. Moreover, since justice must be the same for all but must issue through many mouths, some deference must be paid to conformity. A judge has to speak for the consensus; not for himself or herself but impersonally. Impersonality is abhorrent to the media. It is dullness itself, when what is wanted is colour, controversy, confrontation, moody voices and much emphasis. I expect that there are judges who can be as good and careful on the screen as they are on the Bench, but no one can read this book and imagine Judge Pickles as one of them.

Banishing the ghost

Drucilla Cornell

JAMES BOYD WHITE
Heracles' Bow
240pp. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. £19.15.
0299 104109

If there is a ghost haunting the legal academy, it is the ghost of Nihilism. Can it be banished simply by an appeal to the shared meanings the linguistic and ethical community provides us with? James Boyd White thinks not. In *Heracles' Bow*, he argues that we cannot predetermine the boundaries of our community so as to ward off an innovative interpretation of legal precedent. Nor, indeed, would White want us to try, for the very life of the law depends on its recognition of a plurality of interpretation. What is the process of adjudication, if not the doing of both sides of the story? A good judicial opinion for White is one that incorporates and responds to the divergent versions of reality presented to the court. A reconciliation of

the opposing parties' contradictory realities can never be successful unless the judge, in giving an opinion, does not pretend that the adjudication was imposed by heaven, or, for that matter, by tradition, or pre-established community standards. We are part of the story we tell, and are responsible for the narrative of our community life, which we perpetuate as lawyers, law professors and judges in our interpretations of judicial opinions, statutes and regulations. Communities, in White's view, are made, never simply given, and they will be no better than the members who make them up.

But does this mean that White thinks that the members of the legal community just make up the law as we go along, as we in turn create our community? Not at all. White recognizes that we are constrained by our reality of historical understanding.

And, for White, we are also constrained by the directionality inherent in the text itself. White wants us to recognize the force of the outward clash. We are grappling with real materials when we interpret a statute, a regula-

A large part of the book consists of his views on topics such as Materialism, The Permissive Society and Women's Lib. Putting things on paper gives time for care and consideration. Browning on the platitudes ought to be safe. But no. The Judge has to regret that Christian Churches, including "what is left of the Church of England", do not preach that the search for materialism is wrong: "the Roman Catholic church can hardly do it, being so very wealthy and ostentatious itself". No judge with any sense would say that, let alone write it, unless he was certain that it would not be repeated.

Repetition often means distortion. If a judge gets the reputation of being dismissive of the Anglican church as well as anti-Catholic, his usefulness on the Bench is diminished.

In his memorandum of April 1984 Judge Pickles had announced that he would not obey the Kilnmuir Rules, but that "my attitude may well be modified by frank comments from the Lord Chancellor". The Chancellor replied that a majority of judges favoured the retention of the Rules. In March 1985 the judge gave to the *Daily Telegraph* his views on sentencing and prison regimes - "too much idleness" and "tax-payers are not getting value". The frank comments which he then received included the Chancellor's view that there was a prima facie case of judicial misbehaviour.

This produced another patient memorandum in which the judge explained once again "the basic difficulty" that he was a radical while Lord Hallsham was a conservative. It was his duty, he wrote, to try to improve things and if necessary he would bring his proposals for reform before the public. These were itemized from (a) to (k), the last - surely appropriate in the circumstances - being the abolition of the office of Lord Chancellor. He would, he said, protect his position by representations to Parliament and the media so that "public opinion

may come to my aid".

On August 7, 1985, there was another article in the *Daily Telegraph* in which he said that he would not be stifled. In September he was summoned to an interview with the Lord Chief Justice. He joins in the general admiration for Lord Lane as a judge and as a chief justice, though under the latter head he has reservations that cast doubt on Lord Lane's radicalism. But on this occasion he could not have been treated better, he writes. He took the pledge not to publish any more articles until he retired.

But he is not the stuff of which total abstinences are made. Six months later, in February 1986, he contributed an article to the *Guardian* beginning "I have things to say which must be said" and then proceeded to say them. "The reaction to it was immediate and torrential", he writes; "at last a judge who would talk". Floating on the torrent were the media representatives, "lively, alert, inquiring, unstuffy people - my sort of people... as stimulating as bathing in a mountain stream". And then within a few days a contract for this book.

But from Jove no thunderbolt. "Going full out into the public arena had looked dangerous, but seemingly had brought safety. I had a hot line to the media now."

The Kilnmuir Rules are dead, he says, but there have to be rules; so he sets out the Pickles rules which he commends to his colleagues and within which he will spread himself thinly, but "as no circuit judge has done before: I work for the public and I am accountable to them". It is, however, to the Lord Chancellor and not to the public that the Courts Act 1971 section 17(4) entrusts the behaviour of circuit judges. If necessary, Judge Pickles says, he will protect his position by applying for judicial review. It is at this point that the prudent reviewer lays down his pen.

which have been especially emphasized in recent times by women and by ethnic or other minorities. White, in other words, does not adequately take into account the power relations that can all too easily be masked in the appeal to a "we". There is need to refer to such extreme situations as war and torture, which, as Elaine Scarry has eloquently argued in *The Body in Pain*, have as their purpose the destruction of the "world-meaning" of the opponent, because even in our mundane, day-to-day encounters, relations of domination thwart and even apparently destroy attempts at the reconstitution of meaning.

Yet White is undoubtedly right, that it is only through our commitment and recommitment to the project of shared meanings, a project he believes to be inherent in the very idea of the rule of law, that allows us to banish the ghost of nihilism. *Heracles' Bow* serves as a powerful reminder that nothing can secure us against ethical dissolution, other than our own ethical commitment to heed and respect the voice of the other. The grace of his own writing underscores his call to civility.

the regulations were new, but the old, relatively easy-going habits remained - so much so, that it was a well-known irony of the early Victorian prison that old lags found conditions inside far more comfortable than life outside or in the workhouse.

We are at last abolishing the Victorian lunatic asylum. We would have better justification for abolishing its sister institution. One of the ideological props of the modern prison has been the claim that it represents progress over what came before. Dr DeLacy's perceptive study exposes this claim as essentially bogus.

Medicine, Patients and the Law by Margaret Brazier (373pp. Penguin. £5.95, 0 14 022557 9) was published recently. The author writes in her preface that the book is "intended to provide a picture of the role of the law in medical practice today, and to highlight those areas where the law is woefully inadequate".

John W. 13/86

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Behind the lines

Lorna Sage

The 1987 International PEN Congress at Lugano (where Italian efficiency, they say, combines with Swiss charm) had for its theme the literature of frontiers and borders, and for its opening speaker Anthony Burgess, who celebrated Joyce as the exemplary refugee from national, centralizing culture, "on the fringe of all things", a prophet of total semantic visibility - at least in Europe. (Burgess's theory has anyway always been that Joyce's Dublin, with its sailors and pubs, is really Trieste; from which it follows as the night the day that, especially since there were almost no Jews in the Dublin of 1904, the secret original of Leopold Bloom must have been Italo Svevo.) After his talk, continuing to prove his point, he rushed off to Geneva to collect the Europa prize (for novels published in French) for *Le Royaume des mécréants*, better known to grudging British monoglots as *The Kingdom of the Wicked*. Not that translation (a major topic at Lugano) is an unnnix blessing. David Leavitt, the American author of *Family Dancing*, told a cautionary tale about how ophrshe of his told engaging with the dust (from whence we come, et cetera) came out in Russian translation as a plea for dabbling in the dirt - pornographers' lib.

An international misunderstanding of a less literary kind looms, too. It's planned to stage next year's PEN Congress in South Korea, in Seoul, which is conveniently ensawb with money in anticipation of the 1988 Olympics, but also of course very much in the news for political violence and human rights violations of all kinds, including press censorship. The Lugano Congress divided on a motion to reconsider the venue brought by the American delegation, and backed by a largely Northern/Protestant group of centres - among them the Scandinavians, the DDR, and the Dutch, who offered Amsterdam as an alternative venue. The motion, however, was lost, with the result that the British President of International PEN, Francis King, finds himself presiding over a most divided body politic. The arguments run so far very much along the same lines as those concerning sporting and cultural sanctions against South Africa. Pro-Souls centres will argue that going to South Korea can only, in its small way, encourage the government to eless up its act; and that there are already signs of pre-Olympic liberalization (though these may not be altogether easy to discern: witness the *Guardian* headline last week, "Journalists heartened by light sentences", above a story about Seoul newspapermen "who violated government media guidelines - by publishing them"). The other side, of course, will argue that South Korean dissidents themselves would prefer PEN not to go; and that going will be thoroughly ineffective, since delegates will be mostly too ignorant of South Korean problems (and the language) to interfere constructively. There is some talk of a fact-finding mission. Meanwhile American PEN (President, Susan Sonntag) will meet in the autumn to decide whether to boycott the International Congress for the first time in its history.

The newly formed W. H. Auden Society has founding members running through a celebrity alphabet from John Bayley to Sir Stephen Spender and Edward Upward, most of them with a personal connection, some particularly eager, according to the Auden scholar and co-secretary Katherine Bucknell (herself a Junior Research Fellow of Worcester College) to dispel the magma of High Table tsik about what a bore Auden turned out to be at the last, in his final ("not particularly appealing") Oxford persona. Would-be members are being asked for a "voluntary" fee of £3 or \$5 to pay for postage of an annual newsletter and a directory of members. Any further activities will depend on donations, of which there have already been a few from Americans of one gathars, rather more than five dollars (there are urgent plans to immortalize the enterprise as the W. H. Auden Corp Inc, to give gifts a tax-free status). Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the undertaking - though it has, strictly speaking, no formal connection with the Society - will be

the publication at around eighteen-month intervals of a hardback *Auden Studies* volume by the Oxford University Press, which will launch Auden into the Hardy/Yeats "Annual" league. The first volume, edited by Nicholas Jenkins and Katherine Bucknell (who is also editing the juvenilia for Faber) is due next year, and will contain a good deal of manuscript material, in particular a selection from Auden's earlier letters to Spender, now in the Berg Collection in New York. Early Auden will predominate, in fact, with (for example) a piece by John Bridges on the possible influence of Auden's sixth-form teacher Frank McEachren, and thoughts on 1930s book - and manuscript - collecting. Naomi Mitchison is offering a commentary on how she cut Auden's original contribution on writing (which will be printed) for her early 1930s Gollancz school textbook, *An Outline for Boys and Girls*, much disliked at the time by Anglican Bishops for foiling to mention Christianity. Partly because any "Collected Letters" is a long way in the future, the stress of *Auden Studies* is likely to be on those that can be printed now, and on biographical and bibliographical rather than critical topics. (Anyone wishing to join the W. H. Auden Society should write either to Katherine Bucknell, 70 Letham Gardens, London W8 5JB, or to Nicholas Jenkins, 409 Hamilton Hall, Columbia University, New York 10027).

The Centre for Policy Studies will be hosting an evening colloquium on July 3 which sets itself the question "English, our English?" The tones in which one might ask such a question (let alone answer it) get more diverse, and the proprietary claims more pressing, moment by moment. For example: the government of Guyana has just set up a new Literary Prize, run by the University of Guyana, in Georgetown, for works "in English but widely interpreted to include varieties of English" by Guyanese nationals at home or abroad, with prizes for works of poetry and fiction (US\$5,000 each) and a prize for a first book in either category (US\$3,000 - though all prizes are payable in the currency of the country in

The periodicals: *Scripta*

Duncan Wu

SCRIPTA
Volume 4, No 2; November 1986. Ormond College, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3002 Australia.
A\$32.

In form and content the Australian quarterly *Scripta* resembles the British *Auden*, but is distinguished by a rare enthusiasm for spotlighting new or forgotten authors. August Kleinschmager, a fine but little-known American poet, was first featured in the June 1984 issue - "The sheer accomplishment of these poems needs to be not only stated but made known", wrote Kenneth Cox. And in April 1985, *Scripta* carried the first translation of the work of Federico Tozzi, a remarkable Italian novelist mentioned in Pound's *Guide to Kulchur*.

The magazine is designed so that reviews and essays complement poetry and prose, and its use of poets and novelists as reviewers indicates a belief in the interrelation of literature and criticism. In an interview in the June 1984 issue, the subject was discussed with Northrop Frye: "I think that writers depend on critics... to express a form of articulateness which they have nothing to do with as writers". Harold Bloom, in a later discussion (July 1986), is more radical: "If I ask myself what it is that I remember in criticism, it does not differ from what I remember in poetry". Both critics attacked academic theory for coming between the reader and literary experience. Northrop Frye pointed out, "the immense ease with which an undergraduate will accept a theory of criticism as a substitute for the experience of literature", while Bloom described Geoffrey Hartman as "the largest single American casualty of the influence of Derrida and Paul de Man".

Thanks to its use of poets and novelists, the

which the winner is resident). The aim is to encourage "the development of good creative writing among Guyanese in particular, and Caribbean writers in general" and it is proposed that subsequent years will see prizes for works of "general literary and academic merit". In short you might say, a do-it-yourself development, a self-help Whitebread. Closing date for entries, which must have been published between June 1985 and May 1987 and should be submitted by their publishers, is July 15, 1987. All entries should be sent to The Guyana Prize Management Committee, c/o the Vice-Chancellor, University of Guyana, PO Box 10, 1110 Georgetown, Guyana, South America. The Centre for Policy Studies Colloquium will take place at the St James's Court Hotel, Buckingham Gate, London SW1. The registration fee is £25 and further information can be obtained from the Secretary to the Associates, Centre for Policy Studies, 8 Wilfred Street, London SW16 6PL. Tel: 01 630 5818.

The Book Trust went some way towards justifying its semi-private slogan ("The Independent Voice for Readers") last week, by boldly going into print with its own pre-election "Book Manifesto". A copy has been sent to every parliamentary candidate. The headings - "Education and Library Spending" (down), "Arts Council Funding" (down) and "VAT on Books" (threatened, and the only thing likely to go up) - tell what is by now a familiar story, a kind of soundless howl amid the raised voices of the election campaign. The real strategy, though, which possibly indicates the source of the tremor in the Independent Voice, is to quote politicians' despicable prose back at them. For example: who said that "the priceless nature and quality of the English language... is a valuable export asset... vital for our future prosperity, it is the basis for the language of computers and information technology"? Right: Paul Channon And who said, in 1982, that "Books unlock the secrets and wonders of the world"? Right again: it was Margaret Thatcher.

reviews and essays in *Scripta* are neither theoretical nor academic, but seek to promote literature itself. Recent contributions have included Thom Gunn's review of an anthology of American poetry, Peter Levi's sermon on David Jones, and James Laughlin on Pound. To assist the reader, reviews of new publications are often accompanied by related material. Thus, the review of a novel by Michel Tournier in June 1984 is supplemented by new translations of a story, his essay on Gide, and by a critical introduction to his work.

Such comprehensive treatment could be seen as reflecting the desire to counter a sense of cultural isolation, but the irony is that most of the Australian poets represented here - such as John A. Scott, John Tranter and Gie Ryan - are hardly known in Britain. Nor, on the other hand, is Peter Porter's claim "that we are unflinchingly European" (November 1986) borne out by their work.

Gary Catalano, reviewing anthologies of contemporary British and Australian poetry, and essays complement poetry and prose, and its use of poets and novelists as reviewers indicates a belief in the interrelation of literature and criticism. In an interview in the June 1984 issue, the subject was discussed with Northrop Frye: "I think that writers depend on critics... to express a form of articulateness which they have nothing to do with as writers". Harold Bloom, in a later discussion (July 1986), is more radical: "If I ask myself what it is that I remember in criticism, it does not differ from what I remember in poetry". Both critics attacked academic theory for coming between the reader and literary experience. Northrop Frye pointed out, "the immense ease with which an undergraduate will accept a theory of criticism as a substitute for the experience of literature", while Bloom described Geoffrey Hartman as "the largest single American casualty of the influence of Derrida and Paul de Man".

Thanks to its use of poets and novelists, the

Letters

Change in the Soviet Union

Sir, - The study of Soviet politics cannot be compared to the study of, say, French politics, as Alastair McAuley suggests (Letters, June 9). First, the French Government does not, indeed cannot, withdraw visas from or expel visiting scholars or curtail their travelling and study facilities. The Soviet Government can and does all these things and uses its powers to encourage those scholars who are well disposed towards it. Second, statistical and factual information about French political life and the French Government are available, and many conflicting opinions are openly expressed. A rigorous methodology of study is therefore a possibility. Things are somewhat different in the Soviet Union. *Glavstat* has not, for instance, allowed the publication of genuine statistics or free travel round the country for the purpose of gathering information. Sovietologists must, therefore, rely on official or unofficial accounts, or be reduced to vague speculations.

Official accounts ought to be considered suspect in any country and particularly in one where disinformation is so well developed. Archie Brown, it seems to me, dismisses all unofficial Russian accounts, not just the dissident ones. (And even dissidents often know the country better than Western visitors.) Russians inside and outside the Soviet Union have been writing and saying the same thing: nothing very much has changed. Academician Sakharov, whom Mr Brown is so fond of quoting, has recently said that the release of political prisoners (surely an important matter) has almost ceased. Western diplomats, even senior ones, are, like Western academics, less reliable witnesses of what constitutes far-reaching reforms than Russians. Their frequently poor knowledge of the language, privileged way of life, limited circle of acquaintance and a desire not to antagonize the authorities, all make it impossible for them to judge what is happening or not happening in the country.

What we are left with are vague speculations and optimistic predilections about the country. In his review (March 27) Archie Brown manages to create a cheerful, optimistic picture of a country undergoing profound changes, without naming any of them. Instead, he talks of the "unreformed Soviet system", allowing us to suppose that there is a reformed one, of fierce political debates in official publications, without pointing out that these debates rarely touch on the central issues and, on the whole, repeat officially sanctioned criticism of stick-in-the-mud bureaucrats. This is hardly new. Stalin blamed the excesses of collectivization on local officials. Gorbachev blames the fact that *perestroika* is but not endless promise of some future reforms on local bureaucrats.

HELEN SAMUELYE,
72 Loftus Road, London W12

Herbert Norman

Sir, - May I add a few words to Nicholas Filley's comments on Chapman Pincher's *Trailers: The labyrinth of treason* (May 22)? In this book Mr Pincher categorically states that Herbert Norman, the Canadian Ambassador to Egypt, 1956-7, was a Soviet agent in the Canadian diplomatic service who was both a spy and a traitor. He sees us honestly; set the picture right. He doesn't try to hide the disturbing side. His work is a major contribution to understanding who and what we Samoans are; in fact, to understanding what people are like, everywhere.

This is untrue. Herbert Norman was a Canadian public servant whose understanding of Japan and advice to Oenard Douglas MacArthur contributed significantly to one of the great acts of American statesmanship: to a desire to place Australian within a modernist context that originates in America. But despite a healthy eclecticism, *Scripta* is not doctrinaire: Scott's post-modernist verse sits happily alongside poems by Porter, and translations of Marial, Dante, Flaubert, Montale, Celan and Oulivier, among others. *Scripta*'s range and depth reflect the needs of modern readers and writers. Avoiding parochialism or partisanship, the editors have produced a magazine that, for its informed coverage of both Australian and world literature, deserves the attention of an international audience.

nut Norman has been shown to be an exercise much like Pincher's *Too Secret Too Long* on the career of Sir Roger Hollis, that is, an indictment founded on supposititious associations of people and on undocumented and unproven allegations: fiction, not fact, about dead and defenceless men.

Anyone interested in the reliability of Barros's source should read Reg Whitaker's article "Return to the Crucible: The persecution of Herbert Norman" in the November 1986 issue of the *Canadian Forum*. And so should Pincher.

Mr Pincher's wish to call attention to the Soviet influence in British public life is laudable enough, but with enemies like Pincher the Soviet Union does not need friends in Britain. It may be trite to say so, but it is worth remembering that truth is an essential part of the armoury of a free people.

H. S. FERNS.

1 Kesteven Close, Sir Harry's Road, Birmingham.

Beveridge and Unemployment

Sir, - In a review (May 15) of *War and Social Change: British society in the Second World War*, edited by Harold L. Smith, Patrick Renshaw writes that "full employment was one of the fundamental assumptions on which Beveridge based his welfare proposals".

In fact the Beveridge report on *Social Security and Allied Services* states: "The Plan for Social Security provides benefit for a substantial volume of unemployment... it has been assumed that, in the industries now subject to insurance, the average rate of unemployment will in future be about 10 per cent and that over the whole body of insured employees in Class I unemployment will average about 8½ per cent" (average unemployment is taken "through good years and bad").

Beveridge did assume that mass unemployment as known in the 1930s would be abolished and he hoped that actual post-war unemployment would be less than the above figures, but his proposals, and the corresponding financial plan, were based on an essentially cautious and prudent assessment of the future.

T. BARNA,
Bennacre, Westmeston, Sussex.

'Writing Culture'

Sir, - James Clifford (Letters, May 22) completely misleads your readers when he writes of "all the long negative reviews" of *Margaret Mead and Samoa*. In fact, the distinguished Samoan author Albert Wendt, Professor of Pacific Literature in the Universities of the South Pacific, who knows and understands Samoa much more intimately than the odd few Americans mentioned by Clifford, has described *Margaret Mead and Samoa* as "the most important study" of Samoans "made this century by a non-Samoan", and as a "devastating refutation" of the conclusions reached by Margaret Mead in *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

"For many years", Wendt wrote in 1982, "I, like many other Samoans, knew that Mead's generalizations about us and adolescence were inaccurate, to say the least. Derek Freeman has been more honest; he sees us honestly; set the picture right. He doesn't try to hide the disturbing side. His work is a major contribution to understanding who and what we Samoans are; in fact, to understanding what people are like, everywhere."

In no sense, as Clifford falsely asserts, do I dismiss as "obscurationism" his contention that "cultural interpretation is always historically, politically and rhetorically accountable". What I do regard as obscurationism is the way in which some deeply indoctrinated American anthropologists have sought to shore up Mead's demonstrably erroneous conclusions of 1928 by resort to flagrant denial and evasion of the relevant factual evidence. Indeed, it is precisely these individuals who have, because of their denials and evasions, become "historically, politically and rhetorically accountable".

Derek Freeman,
Research School of Pacific Studies, Australian National University, Canberra.

Edward Thomas

Sir, - I am sorry that Stan Smith has taken such umbrage at my review of his *Edward Thomas* (Letters, May 29). I tried to suggest that his book made a lively argument with which in fairness one might disagree, ideally in the spirit of friendly, even if strong, debate.

I did not discuss Mr Smith's chapter on William James's social phenomenology because, while it seemed a provocative area of study, I found it to be the least clear and least convincing part of his book. I assumed (since the book is a student guide) that Smith had not had space to sketch his argument fully and focused my energies elsewhere.

I would regret making "a fragile but significant association" between a poem and the historical moment in which it was written appear "totally gratuitous". There is an important connection between literature and history, and I recognize the difficulty of describing such associations at all. But the association Smith introduced seemed more "fragile" than "significant". Smith said that a particular passage in *The South Country* was "one major source" (his words, not mine) for the poem "Old Man". He went on to say that the poem's "sources in the prose release its historical secret". This secret, as nearly as I can make out on returning to the book, has to do with a series of dockers' strikes between 1889 and 1913 to which the source passage in *The South Country* apparently referred. (It now seems clear that Smith did not mean that the passage referred to strikes which occurred after *The South Country* appeared in 1909, but only to ones that occurred before, even though he mentioned both.) I accept that there is almost certainly a connection between the passage in *The South Country* and the strikes; thus perhaps I ought to accept that there might be a connection between "Old Man" and the strikes. But even so, it is indeed a fragile connection and its significance is not at all clear.

Unlessness seems to be precisely what interests Smith. He argues that the poem "suppresses the historical resonance of the prose" and goes on to say that "this is exactly how the symbol derives its suggestive power". Thus, Smith cannot tell us what the significance is of the association he is at pains to introduce, he can only insist that it is there. This bespeaks a particular theory of poetic meaning which anyone with a healthily sceptical attitude might question. The suppression of the historical secret of *The South Country* can just as easily be explained by the passage of time between the writing of the two pieces and the changes this wrought in Thomas himself.

As I said in my review, "*The South Country* was written in 1908, 'Old Man' in 1914. In the interim Thomas saw the birth of his third child, had a nervous breakdown and recovered, considered divorcing his wife, met Frost, observed the outbreak of the war and, above all, became a poet". It was, in my view, a different man who wrote the poem from the one who had written the prose; moreover, the poem emerged from a different historical moment to that of the prose. It is, in Smith's own words, the prose passage "which links the condition of 'workless, homeless men' with that of a vagrant 'innmost true self'". Six years later in the poem these men are forgotten and the problem of

INFORMATION, PLEASE

James Kirkup: letters, reminiscences, photographs, etc. for a literary biography.
Akiko Takemoto.
1347 Hiraori, Zentuiji, Kagawa, Japan.

Edward Molyneux (1891-1974), couturier: personal reminiscences, photographs or sketches of his designs, or actual clothes; for a biography.
Peter Hope Lumley.
84 Kensington High Street, London W8 4SG.

Princess Katherine Dashkova (1743-1810): any relevant material, other than that in available biographies; for a new biography.
Guy Daniels.
c/o James Edmondson, 1 St Peter's Close, Lugwardine, Hereford HR1 4AT.

Alexander Allan Shand (1844-1930): Head, Office Manager, PNR's Bank, and adviser in

remembering his himself become a central theme.

What seems most interesting about the kinds of similarities Smith notices in Thomas's prose and poems is not how they suggest that two pieces of writing are the same, but how they suggest they are different. It is how they are different that illuminates the development of the man and of the poet. (I use the word "development" again, despite Smith's objection, because I believe that Thomas *did* develop as a poet, regardless of whether he developed more before 1914, when he wrote his first poem, than after.) Smith says I overlooked the biographical details he included in his opening chapter. In fact, I did notice them, but I should have pointed out that by confining these details to one chapter he did not integrate them into his argument.

KATHERINE BUCKNELL,
Worcester College, Oxford.

'Thin Ice'

Sir, - Conpton Mackenzie's *Thin Ice* is not, as Gerald Mangan describes it (May 29), "a first-person narrative in the voice of a blackmailed homosexual". It is a first-person narrative all right, but the narrator is a heterosexual lifelong friend of the blackmailed MP. The point does have some importance, since the distancing effect, rather than a direct account, is the main cause of the restrained power which makes this book the best of Mackenzie's novels.

EDWIN MORGAN,
19 Whittingehame Court, Glasgow.

Narrative Painting

Sir, - Norbert Lynton has got me wrong (Letters, May 15). I wasn't asking for "masterpieces" (to quote Lynton quoting whom?) in his *Narrative Painting* show (Commentary, May 1). I was objecting to the didactic catalogue in which he writes of mediocre works as if they were masterpieces - because in order to do this he has had to avoid giving them the attention that he, himself, claims any work deserves.

One of Lynton's strictures I do accept, because I was most annoyed to discover that after proof-reading my text I lost the following: "Among the most attractive works are those by living painters: Anne Buchanan, Craigie Aitchison and Andrzej Jackowski."

JOHN NASH,
4 Village Way, London SE21.

Charles Rutherford

Sir, - Lorna Sage's interesting account of Manchester City Art Galleries' loan scheme (Behind the Lines, May 15) contains an inaccuracy. Charles Rutherford of Bradford was the brother of Sir William Rothenstein and hence the uncle (not the brother) of the former Director of the Tate Gallery, Sir John Rothenstein.

CHARLES CLARKE,
Annesgrove, Bishoptown Avenue, Cork, Republic of Ireland.

Etruscan Life and Afterlife, edited by Larissa Bonfante, reviewed by David Ridgway in the TLS of May 29, is published in the United Kingdom at the price of £28 by Aris and Phillips, Warrminster.

early Melji Japan, 1870s: papers and information about descendants.
Olive Cheekland.
18 Perry Path, Cambridge CB4 1HB.

Margaret Llewellyn-Davies: personal recollections, diaries, letters, pamphlets; speeches, etc; for a biography commissioned to celebrate the centenary of her General Secretaryship of the Co-Operative Women's Guild.
Diane Paskin.
Co-Operative Women's Guild, 342 Hoe Street, London E17 9PX.

Brian Penton, editor of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* during the 1940s: personal recollections or information about his activities in Britain; for a biography.
Patrick Buckridge.
Australian Studies Centre, 28 Russell Square, London WC1B 5DS.

John Nash

Against hypocrisy

Richard Osborne

GIUSEPPE VERDI
La traviata
Glyndebourne

There is a terseness – emotionally, rhetorically, and dramatically – about Verdi's *La traviata* that would seem to make it peculiarly well suited to a theatre as intimate and a company as expert and finely honed as Glyndebourne's reputedly is. Yet the first night of Peter Hall's new production was a puzzling affair: an evening that left one rummaging around for reasons why a production so grandly designed and so bravely conducted (by Bernard Haitink) managed to add up to less than the sum of its parts. Some of the irritants will vanish with time. The LPO strings will learn to play the Act I Prelude less rustily, and the end of Act I is bound to be revised. It simply doesn't do to have Violetta, in the very ecstasy of her passion, pouring pints of liquid all over the stage before casting the bottle noisily into the wings like a pearly queen at the end of a pub knees-up.

Such aberrations apart, it is clear that the production's aim is musical and dramatic verisimilitude – a tense, angry drama in the Ibsen style – set amid the mingled opulence, genteel debauchery, and spurious moral rectitude of mid-nineteenth-century French society. John Gunter's eye for detail serves Violetta's Paris every bit as well as it did Albert Herring's Suffolk. The country house in Act 2 has, very properly, a comfortable chasteness that is almost English, but Violetta's salon, and Flora's, are gloomily alluring, crimson grotesques for the prurient rich. Violetta's bedroom, brilliantly lit by David Hersey, mixes saleroom clutter (paintings, elaborate furnishings, and at least one *menenno* *noir*) with huge, looming spaces, the great windows admitting a chilling blend of lights: sombre blues, white, and gun-metal grey. It is here that Hall and Gunter allow themselves a brief moment of fantasy: the white masks of the carnival procession playing out their own spectral ballet on the tips of poles glimpsed through the sick-room window. It was a nice idea, too, to have the revelers in Act 1 visible offstage behind darkened glass. Like the voyeuristic poet in Larkin's "Reasons for Attendance", we were invited to inspect the dancers "Shifting Intently, face to flushed face / Solemnly on the beat of happiness".

Neither the opera nor the theatre itself resists the scale of Gunter's scenic conception. What is more open to doubt is whether the opera can withstand the unremitting naturalism of Hall's direction. Hall is on record as wanting to present the work not as a weepie but as "a protest against hypocrisy". Such an approach serves Germont Père well enough. Working to Hall's formula, the baritone Brent Ellis gives us a formal, stentorian figure, unbending in everything but his great redeeming cry in Act 3, "Di più non lacerarmi". He also retains his Act 2 cabaletta, usually cut, which perfectly captures his moral condescension. During this, Hall invites him to polish his spectacles with all the complacency of a man hopelessly convinced of the propriety of his position, as telling a production detail as Violetta's impulsive lurch for her hairbrush when Alfredo bursts into her bedroom in the final act.

Elsewhere, though, there is almost too much sitting around and casual polishing. It is all very well presenting Germont Père as a well-heeled prig and his son as a surly youth obsessively polishing his gun, but there is as yet too little light and shadow in both the singing (the production is generally bereft of Italian influence) and in the acting (Walter MacNeil's musically resilient Alfredo is blandness itself). Too often, one feels, Hall has conjured up the circumambient detail but neglected to teach the youthful singers how to act within it.

And where does *La traviata* as a study in nineteenth-century hypocrisy leave Violetta herself? Marie McLaughlin is revishing to look at and touches us with her strong sense of outrage and disbelief when death affords her in the final act. She is a strong singer and, first night tensions notwithstanding, a potentially

assured one. But either misdirected or under-directed by Hall, and not yet rigorously enough coached in a role some of us remember Callas singing, she is only just beginning to bring text and character into clear focus. Perhaps Violetta will always elude a young singer, reducing her to a surrogate Mimi. I remember Giulini once observing that Mimi is a woman, Violetta is the woman; which I took to mean that Violetta, in Verdi's hands, is a great archetypal character, as powerfully realized as Antigone or Medea, "intensely human yet heroic as well", as Julian Budden puts it. The role demands – and a house of Glyndebourne's reputation should provide – a fully mature artist. (At the Prom performance on August 23 Ileana Cotrubas sings Violetta.) Faced with a role of this magnitude, youthfulness and team spirit are not enough.

Being there

Sean French

It Was Twenty Years Ago Today
Granada TV

It would be hard to argue that *It Was Twenty Years Ago Today* taught the viewer much about pop music or politics in the 1960s. No record apart from *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* was even named. The only mention of a British political figure in the whole two hours was the wonderful *International Times* headline: "Arrest the Home Secretary".

In fact, the documentary was more like a natural history programme than a piece of social history. It was an expedition in search of primitive exotic creatures, psychedelic celandines, survivors of what were previously thought to be extinct species. The Dutch anarchist Robert Jasper Grootveld was tracked down to the Kon-Tiki-like raft where he now resides, condemned, it seems, perpetually to roam the seas in search of another happening. Timothy Leary was still the smooth-tongued admiral for ecstasy: the summer of 1967 happened, he explained, because the 76 million members of the post-war American baby boom were trained by Dr Spock to be "demand fed". (It took another ex-hippy to explain how dangerous Leary's amiable plausibility was when put into practice.) Derek Taylor represented another branch of the Love generation. While other people turned on and dropped out, he dropped in, became the Beatles' press agent and ended up organizing the first ever pop festival at Monterey in California.

The different slides came together in an old Korean War veteran called Ponderosa Pine. A counter-culture Candide, Pine had withdrawn from public life in order to cultivate his beard, and he now looked like a benevolent, ancient mandarin. But his account of the organization of the anti-war march on the Pentagon in October 1967 was shrewd and funny. The march had been planned by a troupe of east-coast agitators as a humorous form of media event: the demonstrators would surround the Pentagon and by psychic force cause it to levitate and be purged of its evil spirits – there was film of a delightfully straight-faced Abbie Hoffman announcing it at a press conference. As it turned out the Pentagon did not leave the ground, but at 3 am the police did what Hoffman wanted them to do: they attacked the peaceful teenagers with rifle butts and batons, showing to the world – as Hoffman says he had planned – that the American government's policy in South-East Asia was now causing it to wage war on its own children. The programme was right to give so much time to this march because it was a quintessential counter-culture event: the participants in the march were torn between those who saw it as a joke, those who saw it as an Esoteric mystical experience and those who were making shrewd use of it as a form of publicity.

This was the real argument of *It Was Twenty Years Ago Today*. The summer of love was a revolution that took place not on the barricades but in the media, conducted by people who understood publicity, who read McLuhan. Hoffman said that his two most vivid

Careless Love

Carol Rumens

WENDY KESSELMAN
My Sister In This House
Hampstead Theatre

Wendy Kesselman's play was inspired, like Genet's *The Maids* before it, by an actual event in Le Mans during the early 1930s when two housemaids apparently went berserk and murdered their mistress and her daughter. *My Sister In This House* was first performed in Kesselman's native United States, where, in 1981, it won her the Susan Smith Blackburn Award, and is now revived in a terse, taut production by the Monstrous Regiment and Leicester Haymarket Theatre, directed by Nancy Meckler.

memories were of where he was when he heard that Kennedy had been shot, and where he was when he first heard *Sgt Pepper*. The conjunction is significant. The album was seen as important not because of the intrinsic quality of the music but because of its realization of what a long-playing record could be: the music more than just a collection of songs; the cover more than just a photo of the group.

The summer of love was a perfect subject for television because it was in essence a series of media events, whether a man wandering round Piccadilly Circus with a sign saying "Pot is Fun" or Stanley Mouse drawing posters whose letters meant nothing at all. Timothy Leary invented an advertising slogan. Other people started newspapers, made badges, took out full-page ads in *The Times* to state their opposition to the marijuana laws, or orangeed loaves. And they tried not to let the media destroy them. When – after a mere four months – they felt they had milked all the publicity they could, the funeral of hippie was held, as another media event. (And there was also, though not mentioned in the film, a "Provo" funeral in Amsterdam and an *International Times* funeral in London.)

Many of the names, dates and documents that were left out of the programme can be found in the book written by Derek Taylor to accompany it (*It Was Twenty Years Ago Today*, 287pp. Bantam Press, £12.95. Paperback, £6.95. 0 593 01269 0). Taylor devotes valuable space to the actual recording of *Sgt Pepper* and to its cataclysmic influence. There is also a good deal of interview material and reproductions of classic 60s documents, like "legalize cannabis" petitions and William Rees-Mogg's *Times* leader in support of the jailed Mick Jagger.

Paul Kantner of *Jefferson Airplane* quoted a joke by Robin Williams: "Anyone who can remember the 60s wasn't really there." But, as John Sheppard and Simon Albury's outstanding documentary showed, memories are only part of the story. And they had the film clips, the artefacts and, above all, the LP to prove it.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 333

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than July 3. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct – in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration. Entries, marked "Author, Author 333" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on July 10.

1 Seneca's scholar, Nero found fault with his style, saying 'twas arena sine calce [mortal without thine]'; now Dr Ketel was wroth to say that Seneca writes as a Boare does piss, scilicet by Jukes.

2 He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature: had an excellent Phœnix; brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he shined with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Suffragitandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Helius*.

The play's outstanding virtue is economy. It focuses with almost stifling intensity on its four characters, a focus heightened by the "upstairs-downstairs" arrangement of Stephanie Howard's excellent claustrophobic set. The tensions between the opposed couples are conveyed in rigidly correct behaviour and, until the shrieking denouement, utter silence; the tensions within them are conveyed in short, crisp scenes of dialogue in which not a word or gesture is superfluous. All four roles are impeccably performed.

It begins sunnily enough when Lea, given a robust, fetching innocence by Maggie O'Neill, learns to her delight that her harsh new posting with the pernickety Madame Danzard (Maggie Steed) and her daughter Isabelle (Tilly Vosburgh) is to be alleviated by the arrival of her elder sister Christine, who will not only work with her but share her room. Although Madame Danzard is highly satisfied at first with this economical arrangement, the occluded atmosphere between the two girls darkens almost immediately: even at their first meeting, Christine (a fine, glowering performance by Suzanna Hamilton) is soon smouldering with a pent-up rage induced by the sight of Lea's woolen comfort-blanket, knitted by Maman. Christine, we are soon to learn, has no feelings for her mother save sheer hatred.

Needlework, Christine's great skill, is a significant emblem throughout: of stifling female servitude both above and below stairs, and of Christine's thwarted strength and intelligence. As the relationship between the pairs of women breaks down, Christine's sewing becomes as clumsy as her little sister's. Mme Danzard is infuriated when Lea appears wearing a cardigan, knitted by Christine, over her uniform. The hemline on Isabelle's ghastly party-frock is found wanting, but, in the meantime, Christine has been stitching immensely delicate underwear for Lea.

Love, it seems, has made the girls careless of all but each other. That is understandable. But would it also turn them, on the evidence we are shown, into vicious murderers? The action of the play is supposed to take place over five years, but there is perhaps insufficient psychological reflection of this. The economy of the writing now bites too close to the bone. We are moved swiftly from a series of relatively trivial domestic irritations to the murder itself and thence to the trial, in which the unseen judge makes much of the fact that the corpses' eyes have been gouged out, apparently with no help from a weapon. The impression is that a vital scene or two of hostility-building has been omitted. We are left with a curiously reactionary subtext which seems to indicate that incestuous lesbian sexual enjoyment somehow equals the tendency to eye-gouging homicide. For all that, the play makes a strong, disturbing, unforgettable impression, the first act in particular, and is not without some lively flashes of humour, thanks to Maggie Steed's brittle but far from charmless portrayal of Madame Danzard.

The apt and the absurd

Howard Erskine-Hill

ALEXANDER POPE

Prose Works
Volume Two: The Major Works, 1725–1744
Edited by Rosemary Cowler
Oxford: Blackwell, £35.
0 19 13766 1

Pope's reputation as a prose-writer rests curiously on his letters, and there is a good study of this subject by James A. Winn, *A Window on the Bosom*. Apart from pieces of primarily biographical value, the other prose works dip into periodical essays, for the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, critical pieces such as the "Preface to Shakespeare", and the considerable body of comic and satirical prose, some the fruit of collaboration. All the earlier prose was collected, introduced (in one or two cases discovered) but badly edited, by Norman Ault in his *Alexander Pope, Prose Works, 1711–1720*, published in 1936. The publishers of that volume, Basil Blackwell, have now brought out an edition of Pope's later prose, thus completing the great collective task of producing a modern edition of all Pope's writings which began fifty years ago.

It is perhaps fair for this volume to be subtitled *The Major Works*. It includes the *Shakespeare Preface*, the "Postscript to the *Odyssey*", and the *Peri Bathous*, or *Art of Sinking in Poetry*. It does not include the certainly major "Preface to the *Iliad*", nor the important collaborative *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*. There is an awkwardness about this, for while the *Memoirs*, edited by Charles Kerby-Miller in 1930, is excluded, the *Art of Sinking*, edited by Edna Leake Steeves in 1952, is included. Yet both Kerby-Miller and Steeves are out of print.

Unlike Ault, Rosemary Cowler has carefully edited the texts of all the works here included, giving in each case a critical apparatus, a note on publication, and an ample commentary. The critical works are done best. Pope's statement from his "Preface to Shakespeare" that "To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the Laws of our Country, who acted under those of another" (something of a milestone on the road to historical criticism), is illuminatingly glossed by quotations from Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare*: "If one undertook to examine . . . by those Rules which are establish'd by Aristotle . . . it would be no very hard task to find a great many Faults: But as *Shakespeare* liv'd under a kind of mere Light of Nature . . . it would be hard to judge him by a Law he knew nothing of." Each writer seeks to extenuate what appear to him Shakespeare's faults, and Pope manifestly builds on Rowe. But the comparison shows how much Pope advanced on the remark of his friend, Rowe's "mere Light of Nature" may carry the sense of pure simplicity, but it also carries the sense of ignorance. Pope's substitution of the laws of another country for the mere light of nature opens up the concept of different cultures with their own different "rules" and integrity in terms of which their artistic productions should be judged.

The *Art of Sinking in Poetry* is also well done, and has the advantage of Steeves's good earlier notes. Greater difficulty arises in commenting on less rewarding works. "The *Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of Thia Parish*", thought to be a satire on Gilbert Burnet, and probably no more than a sketch, is not much illuminated. An interesting passage concerning P.P.'s youthful love of bell-ringing, wrestling, dancing and cudgel-play evokes explanation of the "peculiarly English art of bell-ringing".

Pope's prefaces to *The Works of Shakespeare* and to his translation of the *Iliad*, and his postscript to the *Odyssey*, are included in *Selected Prose of Alexander Pope*, edited by Noel Hammond (322pp. Cambridge University Press, £27.50. 0 521 25011 0), an extremely useful compilation of periodical, critical and epistolary writings. The *Art of Sinking* is reproduced in full; sixty pages of correspondence include letters to Swift, Gay and Addison; and three attacks on Edmund Curll are followed by an appendix containing verse attacks on Pope by Horvey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

ringing", and of "rough village sports", but one wonders if there can have been any allusion to the early paragraphs of Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (28, 33–5) with their mention of sports, ringing and dancing. It would be in keeping with the line of Pope's satire in this sketch, and of interest if any of the Scriblerians were familiar with *Grace Abounding*.

What stands out in this volume is the intellectual continuity of Pope's critical thinking with his sense of humour and connoisseurship of the absurd. He is aware not only of the lofty, and the failure to fly high – "Under the Tropics is our language spoke, / And Part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke" – but of the reasonably and valuably low, as much betrayed as the sublime by bad writing. In his remarkable "Postscript to the *Odyssey*" Pope can thus defend that poem against Longinus while agreeing with Longinus that it partakes "of the nature of Comedy", eloquent in its depiction of character and manners. Pope refuses to judge the *Odyssey* by the standard of the *Iliad*, and to explain his position deploys two natural images, that of "two beautiful trees of contrary natures" and of "the same body of water" "thund'ring in cataracts" and "flowing afterwards thro' peaceful vales . . .". Once again we can see Pope's readiness to judge a work or a mode by its own logic.

Pope further distinguishes the comic, the "real beauty" "even of a low action" simply

described, from the mode for which today he is, perhaps, chiefly celebrated, that critical and sophisticated arousal of ridicule "the Mock-Epick". It is in the "Postscript to the *Odyssey*" that Pope has most to say about the mode to which *The Rape of the Lock* and *The Dunciad* are normally assigned. In this connection he draws a comparison and hits off an idea that are often overlooked: "The use of pompous expression for low actions or thoughts is the *true Sublime of Don Quixote*." This sudden extension of Longinus has an obvious relevance for *The Dunciad*, and perhaps also for other works which have drawn nourishment from the broad tradition of Cervantes, works of Wordsworth (the dream of the Flood in *The Prelude*, Book Five), Conrad (Stein in *Lord Jim*, Charles Gould in *Nostromo*), and Joyce (Bloom at the end of the Cyclops chapter in *Ulysses*) among others.

The completion of the Twickenham and related editions of Pope, and the publication by Maynard Mack of a full critical biography which richly recreates Pope's world of concern without occluding our own, have suggested several interesting new investigations into Pope and his time. Professor Cowler's next task, one suspects, may be to revise and correct Ault's 1936 volume of Pope's *Prose Works*. One of the virtues of her present volume, on the other hand, is that it prompts and enables the new study we need of Pope as the major literary critic between Dryden and Johnson.

South

Today's cool asphalt. . . where had the cars gone.
I asked myself a few miles farther on?
I thumbed the few that passed me but none slowed,
Even a farm-truck creaking with its load
– And glimpsed through glass a dusty slash of laugh
Before the bulk laboriously turned off
Toward distant barns. All I could see both ways
Was road now, straightness wobbling in the haze
Heat hatched between the poplars. Southward, true,
But the real traffic must be moving through
On some bypass. I stepped on, obdurate,
Somehow unwilling to turn back on it,
This unrewarding road, as if I liked
Its very hardness, till by noon I'd hiked
To where it slightly bent at a dry oak
Upon a rising, thinly grassed, that broke
The double line of poplars on one side.
Here where the chips of acorn-cups had dried,
Where there was weak shade, though without a breeze,
I sat down firmly to my bread and cheese.

My back-pack, as familiar as my name,
Stood there beside me in its large light frame,
And as I munched I came to realise
That I was not encumbered otherwise
By furniture or promises because
Carrying my needs I carried all I was.
A gust on asphalt between origin
And destinations. That was it I'd beco,
Unawares all my life, the transient
Of that 'between' through which I went and went
But never thought of other than as way
To somewhere else. Yet alighting here today
Oo meagre grass walled-in with insect sound,
I thought I rested on sufficient ground.
Mouth full, I found myself abruptly free
From all anxiety. I would reach, maybe,
The South in my own time, maybe would not.
Meanwhile cut loose yet wholly here, parched, hot,
On the wrong road, I started off again
But did not look back every now and then
Expecting rides, and it was not the same.

At the end of a long afternoon I came
to some youth hostel on the official list
Which by that morning's plan I would have missed:
The only other occupant and I
Shared wine, trees I could not identify
Reared in green blossom near a wide stone well;
My night was haunted by their agile smell.
THOM GUNN

The witty and the weighty

David Hopkins

KEITH WALKER (EDITOR)
John Dryden
967pp. Oxford University Press. £22.50
(paperback, £8.95).
0 19 254192 7

Of all the great English poets, Dryden is probably the least generally read today. After an initial century-and-a-half during which the compass of his imagination and the "energy divine" of his verse were frequently affirmed, and during which it was widely agreed that his poetic career had culminated in the verse-translations of his later years, Dryden's reputation rapidly declined. As the supposed inaugurator of the Age of Prose and Reason, whose poets (according to Matthew Arnold) had conceived and composed their verse in their wits rather than in their souls, he came to be seen as limited and prosaic. And when T. S. Eliot later declared that Dryden's influence had significantly aggravated the "dissociation of sensibility" which had "set in" earlier in the seventeenth century, his remarks were crucial in ensuring that the liveliest critical minds of the next two generations bestowed little attention and even less affection on Dryden's work.

Today the Victorian and early twentieth-century disparagement of Dryden is commonly discounted, and there have been encouraging signs that readers are beginning to recapture the pleasures felt by Dryden's earliest admirers – particularly in his later verse. But the old prejudices die hard. And there have been recent developments which temper one's confidence that the way is now clear for Dryden to come back into his own. There are, for example, specialists on Augustan poetry who, whatever their knowledge of the socio-political events and the scientific and theological debates of the period, have only the most conventional acquaintance with the earlier poets, English and foreign, whose work was the principal subject of the great Augustans' daily reflections. Inevitably, such critics perpetuate the received view of Dryden as a "poet of public affairs" and a "man of his age" rather than a writer who offers large speculations about Man and Nature. "Covert political allusions", it seems, are virtually all that these critics find worthy of note in Dryden's masterly renderings of Virgil, Chaucer and Ovid.

The best safeguard against such readings is for Dryden's best work to be widely and cheaply available, so that readers can experience for themselves the vitality of his poetic imagination. For this reason, the publication of Keith Walker's splendid new volume in the Oxford Authors series is an event of major importance. Dr Walker's is the best large-scale selection from Dryden's work ever to have been compiled. The handsome new edition provides – in discreetly modernized texts, and with helpful, concise notes, a useful glossary and a terse biographical introduction – nearly all those Dryden poems which have been most discussed this century. It also presents the bulk of the late translations, the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, and a good selection from the remaining prose and from the shorter occasional poems. Dryden's masterly *Fables Ancient and Modern* – whose wit and variety will impress even the most sceptical reader – is included entire. The *Aeneid* translation is excluded (it is, however, now cheaply available in Robin Sowerby's selection for Bristol Classical Press), and so is *The Hind and Panther*. The latter omission is in some ways regrettable. But the poem's inclusion would have considerably enlarged an already massive volume, and *The Hind*, for all its merits, is unlikely to win many new readers to Dryden. Quite the converse is true of *Virgil's Georgics*, which Dr Walker prints complete. This neglected poem powerfully negates the still frequent claim that Dryden had no appreciation of nature, and together with the *Fables* and the earlier versions from Lucretius and Horace, is an ideal starting-point for any new reader wishing to sample the energy, wit and philosophical penetration which were once generally acknowledged to have been Dryden's poetic hall-marks.

John Dryden

From liberty to despotism

J. A. Crook

RONALD SYME
The Augustan Aristocracy
504pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £40.
0 19 81 4859 3

This is a book to excite wonder. It is, after all, by a historical genius, which is why, though it is uncompromisingly technical and specialized, no general reader with the least enthusiasm for political history of any age could fail to find it compelling. Here on display is a governing class in a transitional age, itemized and anatomized, its multiple marriages and divorces uncharted and plotted (with no disdain at all for gossip and scandal); and what transpires is the relationship of the class to a ruler and a régime and to the growth of something new to the society, a dynastic network and a court circle. And the reason why the thirty chapters are not as dry as the *strenuato* with which the book is duly furnished is that everything is subtly placed and interlocking, to carry the reader anxiously through – or past – pages of argument to find out who X's mother really was and why P divorced Q at just that moment. Who would have thought the old historian had so much *pmust* in him? There is also a sterner reason: the detail is not arid because it is carried along on historical themes, both the detailed events of the political history of the reign of Augustus, and the strategies of eminent families to achieve and keep power and influence in an age when the rules of the game had been changed without their co-operation.

The first aspect of the wonder is, however, more naive than that. Sir Ronald Syme has a head that is extraordinary in a very extraordinary way: for it contains the "Who Was Who" of all Roman imperial history. And since only Syme has that knowledge, he is doing for posterity what he must, and pouring it out to the learned world in papers and in books.

Of course, to appreciate him fully one must

penetrate deeper: we have to understand the character Syme/Tacitus. The choice and arrangement of material, subtly and tightly interwoven, reveals his dominant preoccupations. Not only Princes and Senate or the politics of the dynasty but the general themes of morality, legislation and power. The last two sentences are not in fact the reviewer talking about Syme, but sentences by Syme in the book under review, talking about Tacitus, who embodies for him almost all that is admirable about understanding and presenting the historical past. Tacitus wrote the history of the (relatively recent) past of the imperial Romans backwards, in a sense: first a history of the Flavian dynasty and then annals of the Julio-Claudian dynasty that began with the emperor Tiberius in AD 14; and he hoped, if time should be left to him, to go back one stage more and write about the Principate of Augustus. As it turned out, that task was not fulfilled.

And now here comes, after two millennia, the reincarnation of Tacitus, to do the missing job. It has called for labour in many aspects and on many planes. The famous *Roman Revolution* was only a beginning, the early *Cambridge Ancient History* chapters on Augustan wars and frontiers just preliminary studies, the outpouring of prosopographical investigations in the *Collected Papers*, in *History in Ovid*, and in the present work, all subsidiary to the massive end, which will be not a book but an *oeuvre*, of which these are parts. And, let us be clear, it will not, even then, be the only or the exhaustive way in which Augustus and his age can legitimately be written about: it will be what Tacitus would have done if time – so much time – had been vouchsafed him.

There is, further, an obsession to be signalized (unless it be the reviewer's). Syme/Tacitus has pursued the emperor Augustus down fifty years with unrelenting and unabated rancour, and with him his régime and all who supported or approved of it – ever since, in the 1930s, that emperor presented himself, to Syme and others, in the lineaments of the Duce or the Führer. It is the foremost duty of the historian, under this concept, to unmask the deceptions of dictators, rehabilitate those they have traduced or destroyed, and stigmatize the hypocrisy and subservience of those who have fellow-travelled with them. The technique of anathema has perfected itself down the years, subtle, oblique, conveying implications in a nuance, a nomenclature, a limp epithet ("the smooth Plancus") or subversive anecdote; but Syme's goal is ever the same. This is totally political history, intensely moral and passionately conceived, and however sophisticated and shaded the story, it is in the long run the chart of the transition from liberty to despotism.

It is an axiom of this model of political history that there should have been a Party, with a Führer and subsidiary bosses; and the main articulations of the story are, thus, "crises", whether of external opposition or, more gravely, of dissension or even treason within the Party: "Danger to the Princes had its roots in rivalry or dissidence within the 'donus regnatrix'." The model has been commended to the world by Syme/Tacitus with such art, persuasion and persistence over so many years that it has become exceedingly hard to tear oneself free of its conceptual mesh. The contribution of *The Augustan Aristocracy* to the pattern hardly needs further explanation: its purpose is to show how the families of the élite accommodated themselves to the new Party and its Boss, then insinuated themselves into it – and finally perished in the "murderous embrace of the dynasty".

It must not be concealed just how infuriating Syme's way of going about things can be to those who have professional business in the subject. It accords with his chess-move sense of the game that his recent books are not exactly books but sets of essays, contemplated and even completed at different dates over a span of years, overlapping not only with one another but with others published elsewhere (and now turning up in the *Collected Papers*, with revisions); it is sometimes difficult to ascertain whether one is reading his latest view on a controversy or a detail. For on details, though not in concept, he is always shifting – responsive to every new item of evidence and every cogent argument in the literature, candidly footnoting his own inadequacies in earlier discussions, but also cunning, Protean, if you want to see whether he has given a bit of ground on vulnerable territory. The common reader may, however, walk blithely through these fields; the booby-traps are not activated to catch him.

Perhaps the common reader will do best to skip some technical chapters, though that will be to miss many vivid portraits, not least of the women of the Augustan ruling class. And unless you read it all you will also miss some happy Gibbonian apophthegms: "To belong to an exclusive club confers value on a life devoid of talent or denied public recognition"; "In any age public office entails less of exertion or ability than the ingenuously opine"; "In default of a soo or a deebew, quite a lot can be done with nieces". For those who do skip, there are chapters of more general title, such as Chapter Two, "The Hazards of Life", about mortality, infertility and pestilence; Chapter Twenty-Five, "The Education of an Aristocrat", really about Tiberius, but full of nitty-gritty about the cultural scene to which these people belonged;

Chapter Twenty-Seven, "Nobiles in Horace", where Syme puts the record straight (as A. N. Sherwin-White did years ago for Pliny the Younger) as to the status of the people who come into Horace's verses – not many of the really tip-tips.

And there is the final chapter, which none should miss. "The Apologia for the Principate". Long pondered – a version was heard several years ago – it contains deep and serious thoughts, applicable outside the confines of Augustan and indeed of ancient history. "The victorious cause may have an apology to put in, coming from those who collaborate in the new order"; and here Syme analyses what was, and is, said in justification of the assassination of the Roman Republic and the erection of the new order of the Principate. The terms "apologia" and "collaborate" are, no doubt, chosen with the author's customary deliberation for their ring – their flawed sound. The Augustan Principate cannot have been overall good, and it destroyed what must have been overall better; so those who supported it, and spoke, or speak, in commendation of it, were and are engaged in a flawed and morally shabby activity.

Syme constantly proclaims his allegiance to those who scorn moral "uplift" and precept, yet, by paradox, he is the most intensely moral of living ancient historians, passionate to distinguish the good from the bad, and for him liberty of speech and action is the highest, the necessary and well-nigh the sufficient political good. That dictates the conclusion of this short and brilliant chapter: the arguments are presented with clarity and candour.

Objections can be raised to *The Augustan Aristocracy*, first of all from within the subject. There are those of us who have remained, all these years, wary, unwilling to be swept along in Syme's wake, unconvinced of the validity of the model. Second, on an altogether broader ground: does all the tale of political in-fighting, do the changes in the fortunes of patricians and of plebeian nobles, etc. etc., does what became of a tiny élite, matter in the historical long run? A generation younger than Syme (and the reviewer) turns its back and follows other paths, as Syme/Tacitus notes with an edge – as usual to his language ("run the risk of dispraisal from adepts of recent fashion and doctrines, being condemned for prejudice or a narrow outlook"). Yet we must proclaim it now and ever true that history-writing is and should and must be intuitive and philosophical in character, not insulating in laws but holding up the past to argumentative scrutiny from all possible angles; and when that is done by a genius the least important question is how far he is right.

important, knows how and when to let the papyrus speak for themselves. He also knows what footnotes are for. The result is fine reading.

Why then is one left with misgivings? A classicist reading this book will feel great pleasure; here in the aftermath of Alexander, Hellenism, glorious in spite of, or perhaps because of, its mixed motives, shines bright amid the darkness of the ancient east, and even as it dims leaves a romantic afterglow. Lewis argues, with great force, that Ptolemaic Egypt was not a fusion of two cultures; his model is not the Dutch in Indonesia or the Portuguese in Brazil, but the Victorians in Simla. Lewis's Greeks are hermetically sealed from their Egyptian background; there is scarcely any Egyptology in the book.

For many of the governing class such may have been the case, but most of the European settlers in Egypt were farmers, or agricultural landlords, and racial feelings (which Lewis admits were often weak on the Greek side) must rapidly have made way for reality. Whole departments, such as the land survey, must have conducted their business in Egyptian (as the recent Karnak ostraca shows) and certainly employed Egyptian officials – an important concession from the outset. And any unattached Greek settler must have been assumed, on good Jane Austen lines, to be in want of an Egyptian wife. Two of Lewis's "Greeks", Ptolemy and Menkhe, are scarcely

Greek at all. Ptolemy, whose mental world we probably know better than that of any other character of antiquity, and whose writings should surely be compulsory in any classical syllabus, was more than half Egyptian; his younger brother is known to have been better at writing Egyptian than he was at Greek, and an improved translation of the dreams recorded here on page 83 would show that he probably had an Egyptian name as well. Was their mother, who is not mentioned in the surviving papers, really an Egyptian? When these characters talk about Hermes, they mean: not a figure with a hat and winged sandals, but the Egyptian this-god, Thoth. To add to the embarrassment, Menkhe the village clerk was probably nine-tenths Egyptian, and one suspects that his ethnic category ("Greek") had been quietly bought – in which case he is an ancient Egyptian who used a classical language at the office.

A recent edition of the Greek magical papyrus makes this point clear; an introduction by Hans Dieter Betz, its excellent editor, tries bravely to put these difficult texts into the classical tradition, and a second introduction by an Egyptologist shows that he has been looking at this problem from the wrong end. The same applies here – but it is not Lewis's fault that it is so; it is rather the fault of Egyptology, which must realize that Ptolemaic Egypt is not a classical backwater, but one of the most important fields of study.

Specialist issues

Anthropology

Man Series, Volume 22, No 1, March 1987
£35 per year (Fellows). Royal
Anthropological Institute, 56 Queen Anne
Street, London W1M 9LA.

Anthropology Today
£15 per year (members). RAI, address as
above.
Current Anthropology
Volume 28, No 1, February 1987
\$30.50 per year. The University of Chicago
Press, 126 Buckingham Palace Road, London
SW1 9SD.

Learned journals do not simply reflect their subjects. To a large extent, they constitute them. Their potential power is enormous, for they set themselves to define the acceptable boundaries with other fields and, in general, by their policies of accepting or refusing papers, have a stranglehold upon membership of the academic community. It is not surprising that they should be marked by the cultures from which they spring; and it is often instructive to compare journals of two different national backgrounds.

Anthropology has spawned a number of specialized journals across the world. But where we look, we see two aspects of their activity in uneasy bedfellowship. First, they create a forum within which the discipline disagrees and debates, a bounded area for learned vitriol. Second, by their sheer prestige, they (literally) confer an imprimatur, a stamp of acceptability, on the opinions expressed within their covers. Different journals lend different weight to these two aspects of their activities.

Man is the journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute. (Subscription brings access to the RAI library.) As such it is the heir to an older journal of the same name and to the delightfully unpredictable *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*. Indeed, an almost South-east Asian obsession with duality dogs its existence. For the modern journal cannot be considered in isolation from its running mate, *Anthropology Today*, itself the heir to the now defunct *Rain*. The dividing line between them is approximate but keenly felt. *Anthropology Today* takes on the trendier interface with "informal" lay opinion – teachers, *Guardian* readers and the like. It reports on "social implications", interdisciplinary conferences,

films, anthropological raids by television, and so on.

The fact that all peripheral and concerned aspects of anthropology are covered by *Anthropology Today* enables *Man* to devote itself to straight academic in an atmosphere remarkably devoid of polemical controversy and pressure-group obsessions. To some, this is the same as to be academically respectable, to others it means being boring.

Academic journals, foetus-like, carry their evolutionary history with them. *Man*, in common with other journals of its kind, touches its forelock to the notion of a single human science that subsumes human biology, the more socially orientated archaeology and social anthropology within a single discipline. Doubtless practitioners of the former art read the titles of the social anthropological component with as much scorn and pity as do the anthropologists when confronted with the works of their fellow-travellers. A recent edition, for example, carried an essay entitled, "How Celtic are the Cornish?" and sought to answer the question by the measurement of basic biological characteristics. In the face of the vast anthropological output on ethnicity, identity and cultural categories, to find such a scientific cuckoo in our nest is staggering indeed. The merits of this article are irrelevant to the more general point. It is a work which in subject and orientation is simply meaningless to the majority of *Man* readers. For the only real link between social and physical anthropology lies in sociobiology – itself held to be the result of an irregular coupling in the view of British, though not American, social science. *Man*, then, is a journal divided against itself.

In its internal structure, it leans heavily towards the imprimatur rather than the "forum for discussion" approach. Articles, the lonely voice of personal authority, predominate over reviews and correspondence. The new series accepts articles only in full academic dress. Short notes are no longer permitted.

Current Anthropology is an American – or at least transatlantic equivalent – though editorial control has recently shifted to this country, and the new editor, Adam Kuper, has signalled a change of direction. It too takes the broad view of the nature of anthropology and deliberately solicits articles that are cross-disciplinary. Having no *Anthropology Today* as running mate, it includes a deal of matter that belongs rather to the social face of the discipline; for example, summaries of conferences and even interviews of a biographical and journalistic bent. If any

thing, its concerns are even wider than those of *Man*. Recent issues include articles on the domestication of the horse, the sociobiological roots of culture and alternative explanations of the collapse of the walls of Jericho.

There is an unmistakable stress on "forum of debate" rather than imprimatur – just as the American version of anthropology has always been far more open and less tolerant of party lines than its British counterpart. That this is the explicit aim of the journal is suggested by the practice of following articles by the comments of relevant critics to whom the author, in turn, replies in self-justification. Since critics are either of the same intellectual pedigree and therefore firm supporters, or of different affiliation and therefore with a vested interest in showing the author to be in error, these review sections almost invariably divide into warring camps. Their polemical content is often high and rather less genteel than the letters section of *Man*. No one reading this journal could imagine the existence of a consensus in anthropology.

The pluralistic, anti-authoritarian stance is extended to book reviews. In a recent issue, it is the author who is suffered to summarize his own work and the critics who comment. Then, back comes the author to deny the relevance of any criticism raised against him. So frantic is the whipping on and off of hats that the whole process seems a trifle absurd. Indeed, the message conveyed is of the futility and emptiness of academic debate as a road to certain knowledge.

Man and *Current Anthropology* taken together do seem to give an approximate characterization of present-day anthropology: on the one hand reliant on authoritative assertion, on the other, given with dissent and still groping towards the definition of its own boundaries.

Nigel Barclay

Renaissance Studies

Emblematica
Volume 1, No 1
\$30 per year. AMS Press, 56 East 13th Street,
New York, NY 10003/Eurospan Ltd, 3
Henrietta Street, London WC2E 8LU.

One of the most interesting recent developments in scholarship has taken place across the borders of Renaissance literature and art, producing a great quantity of iconographical pub-

lication and a growing number of journals – among others the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, *Word and Image* and *Spenser Studies*. Is another journal needed? The answer must be affirmative, if one considers the current level of activity in emblem studies, together with its comparative neglect in journals less specialized than *Emblematica*. Scholars have long known that emblems, ubiquitous from 1550 to at least 1750, offer keys to interpreting much Renaissance imagery. But in the emblematic thicket – 1,200 titles in the Stirling Maxwell collection alone – the right emblems have been disappointingly hard to find. It appears that emblem books only become useful to the exegete when their contents are re-systematized. Hence the significance of various bibliographical and encyclopaedic projects like the short-title lists of the Stirling Maxwell collection at Glasgow University and the Herzog August Bibliothek collection in Wolfenbüttel; the Princeton and Urbana catalogues; and Peter Daly's computerized index.

The formal miscellaneousness of the inaugural issue of *Emblematica* may at first suggest a newsletter or clearing-house for technical information. But, with its international editorship (Peter M. Daly and Daniel S. Russell) and strong advisory board (including Ján Bialostocki, John Stedman, J. B. Trapp and Thomas P. Roche), it is really conceived on more ambitious lines; and the next issue is to have a more journal-like proportion of full-length articles. A preface suggests, nevertheless, that the journal's aims may not yet be fully formulated. For it is not quite enough to offer a means of non-disciplinary publication; and there needs to be more of an aspiration than mere usefulness – although only utility, certainly not aesthetics, can warrant the present issue's muddy illustrations on unsuitable paper. (And the inviolable stag in Michael Bath's Fig 4 is not even useful.)

The contents themselves largely dispel suspicions of overspecialization. John Manning opens with a definitive demonstration of the Continental emblem sources accessible in 1565 to Thomas Palmer, the first English emblemist. Of wider interest still is Michael Bath's erudite essay on the iconography (not all emblematic) of the weeping stag in *As You Like It*. Now that Panofsky's method is being questioned, Bath lays a timely emphasis on the ability of emblematic images, and their simultaneous valency in multiple fields. (To mass possible intertextualities is not, however, to prove indeterminacy.) Mason Tung less adven-

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J. D. Ray

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*Greeks in Ptolemaic Egypt: Case studies in the
social history of the Hellenistic world*
182pp. Oxford University Press. £17.50.
0 19 81 4859 4

The papyri from Greek and Roman Egypt have transformed our knowledge of the ancient world, and the picture which has emerged, almost entirely in this century, is one of real lives, not of the abstractions of philosophers or dramatists; and while much of the traditional classical syllabus can now be described as well trodden, the field of papyrology continues to grow and to provide challenges. There can be no justification for its neglect in universities; and in Naphthali Lewis's latest volume we see Ptolemaic Egypt dealt with by a master. *Greeks in Ptolemaic Egypt*, which may well have been based on a lecture course, serves as an introduction to the three centuries of Ptolemaic history, and takes the form of vignettes, each built around an individual – Kleon the irrigation-engineer, Nikanor the banker, Diophanes the provincial governor, Menkhe the village clerk; and, most mysterious, Ptolemy the recluse in the temple of Sarapis. Lewis knows how to present his material, expertly assessing the amount of commentary that each issue can bear, and most

OXFORD

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JOURNALS

JLS June 12 1987

turously traces the relation of Camerarius and Peacham to encyclopaedic natural histories. In the "Documentation" section, Daniel Russell introduces valuable reprints of two of the most significant seventeenth-century French essays on emblems, Clément's *Regles pour la connoissance des devises* and Gardien's *Discours sur les devises, enlignes, et revers de medailles*. And, in practical vein, Alon Young contributes an indispensable checklist of about a thousand emblem titles available in facsimile, microform, or modern editions. For the rest, there are reviews, brief notes and queries, and reports on research. Dominating the latter is Peter Dnly's magisterial survey of past and present directions in emblem studies. Altogether, *Emblematika* makes a significant and welcome addition to the scholarly organon.

Alastair Fowler

Opera

Daedalus
Volume 115, No 4, Fall 1986
\$19 per year. Norton's Woods, 136 Irving Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

Daedalus is the sumptuous journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, has the expected immensely distinguished international Board of Editors, and devotes its quarterly issues to such themes as "Art and Science", "The Nordic Enigma", and (often) the future of this, that and the other. This issue being on "The Future of Opera", the first ninety pages are devoted to a transcript of the highlights of what was no doubt a very enjoyable conference held in Venice in 1985, in which twenty-nine participants included com-

posers, producers, opera-house administrators, critics and superannuated singers. The result is pure ritual, or a kind of *dictionnaire des idées reçues* about opera: laments that two jet-lagged tenors perform all over the world; anguish over the smallness and predictability of the repertoire in all the largest opera-houses; praise for small and financially precarious organizations which boldly mount new or unusual works; regrets that seat-prices have to be so high that only the same privileged few can afford them; pained expressions on the part of traditionalists about the contemporary hegemony of producers – and in each case someone saying that on the other hand. . . . There are as few surprises or striking remarks as there ever are when these tired matters are rehearsed; a number of *Daedalus* devoted to discussing the future of discussions of the future of opera is urgently needed.

The banalities of the conferences give place to an article by Erich Leinsdorf on "Opera: What Constitutes Longevity", in which we get by turn doses of loftiness and vulgarity. "German dialogue opera has not survived", Leinsdorf declares, meaning *Die Entführung, Die Zauberflöte, Fidelio and Der Freischütz*: "to take these works seriously, we must forget about presenting them as opera . . . or find a totally different style like Coccia's *Oedipus Rex*". He also claims that "by 1950, the only representatives of the Slavic orbit were Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, and its revisions, and the Tchaikovsky operas, because of the composer's magic touch". Smetana is explicitly dismissed, Janáček not mentioned.

"Voices from New York", interviewed by *Daedalus*, follow, and we return from ardent falsehood to banality. Finally to France, for a couple of bracing pieces on the Bastille-opera project, fraught with ideological considerations in the inevitable Gallic mode; then a superb article by Pierre Boulez on Berlioz (which however was first published in 1969 and had already been reprinted in his marvellous book *Orientations*), and an excerpt from Berlioz's own *Evenings in the Orchestra* – a glorious piece, but like the Boulez hardly a testimony to contemporary standards of operatic discussion.

From looking through the list of other numbers of *Daedalus* I can only conclude that I struck unlucky, though discussing the future of any art-form seems a most unpromising activity. I can only marvel, at any rate, that this number slipped past all those distinguished editors, who, one charitably concludes, are merely decorative.

Michael Tanner

Politics

Soviet Jewish Affairs
Volume 17, No 1, Spring 1987
£12 per year. Institute of Jewish Affairs Ltd, 11 Hertford Street, London W1Y 7DX.

Soviet Jewish Affairs, published (three times a year) by the Institute of Jewish Affairs, has appeared under this name since June 1971, when it replaced the somewhat less elegant *Bulletin on Soviet and East European Jewish Affairs*, which began life in January 1968. It describes itself as a "journal of interdisciplinary studies relevant to an understanding of the position and prospects of Jews in the USSR and the communist-governed countries of Eastern Europe in historical depth". The journal's editorial board is headed by Chimeo Abramsky, emeritus professor of Hebrew and Jewish studies, University College London, and there is an international advisory board which includes such figures as Zbigniew Brzezinski, Richard Pipes and Peter Reddaway.

The lead article in the current issue, "Perestroika", *Glasnost* and Soviet Jewry", is by David Floyd, formerly the *Daily Telegraph's* Soviet specialist. It is a disappointing piece, being long on generalities and short on factual information. It may be argued that little concrete material is available on this topic – but then why publish the article? No such criticism can be levelled at the other article of topical interest, on the Soviet emigration law, by F. J. M. Feldbrugge, Professor of Soviet and East European law at Leyden University, which is excellent and informative.

Another contribution, by Ewa Bérud-Zarycka, on Ilyas Ehrenburg in Stalin's post-war Russia, is stocked with fascinating information, some of it quite new. Relying on what she calls "private archives" – one would dearly love to know more about them – the author gives an account of a remarkable speech which Ehrenburg made on May 24, 1948, at a memorial meeting at the State Yiddish Theatre in Moscow in honour of Shloyme Mikhoels (the celebrated Yiddish actor and chairman of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee killed by the NKVD in a staged traffic accident early in 1948). Mikhoels was among the first of the Jewish intellectuals to be done to death by Stalin; the bulk were shot in the Lubyanka prison on August 12, 1952. The speech is remarkable not least because it is redolent of Jewish national pride, something Ehrenburg was far from being noted for.

Professor Abramsky contributes a review-article on Hebrew *hucanabula* held in the Leningrad Oriental Library of the USSR Academy of Sciences, and the journal's editor, Lukasz Hirsowicz, introduces and annotates some valuable documents about Jewish communal life in the DDR.

Book reviews are a regular feature, as is the very useful "Books Received" section which includes practically every new book on Eastern Europe, in any language, whether or not of Jewish interest. The "Chronicle of Events" (in this issue covering the period July 1–October 30, 1986) is another. Such features, as well as the usually high quality of scholarship and expertise of the articles, make the journal an indispensable source for anyone concerned with Eastern European Jewish affairs.

Frank Pomeroy

Theology

Literature and Theology
Volume 1, No 1, March 1987
£24 per year. Journals Subscriptions, Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP.

It is one of the merits of deconstruction to have posed the issue squarely. As Derrida has put it: the ascription of inherent intelligibility to semantic signs is an implication of their "turn towards God". A model of understanding, of hermeneutic rationality in any classical sense is underwritten by an implicit or explicit deism. Where it postulates a meaning of meaning, however difficult to elucidate, however provisional – the process of deconstruction is always gradual, pluralistic in its methodologies, and subject to correction – poetic, a discipline of reading is, as it were, the vestibule to a theology. It is, therefore, in the logic and history of things that the theory and practice of hermeneutics, in philosophy, in literature, in the historical sciences, should be immediate heir to Judeo-Christian ideals and techniques of exegesis.

What has characterized modern literary theory, including deconstruction, are its manifold borrowings from and "against" the legacy of the theological. The two masters of reading in depth in our time, Martin Heidegger and Walter Benjamin, draw prodigally on crucial theological concepts ("presence", "aura", "substantiation"). The playful nihilism of the deconstructionist is, as Roger Poole was among the first to notice, a deliberate parody of the theological, a satiric "after-word" to the Logos. Today, the current of reading, of critical

interpretation, is, once again, moving upstream. Ricoeur, Frye, Kermode address themselves openly in the narratology of Scripture, in the foundations of all Western uses of allegory, of symbolism, of *narrative* in revealed textuality and in the legacy of contemporary which this textuality has generated. It is not merely a limp play on words to see the present moment as one of dialectical reciprocity as between Roland Barthes on the one hand and Karl Barth on the other. With distance, there seems little doubt as to which was the more penetrating and fertile reader and explorer of the phenomenologies of sense.

Literature and Theology is conscious of the timelessness. The two fields of imagining, the academic disciplines are again in active commerce, as they were for the later Coleridge and for T. S. Eliot. The editor, Dr David Jasper of the University of Durham, sees a constant interaction between both sensibilities in Ricoeur's work and that of the reviewer. Taking up Austin Farrer's subtle arguments on the linguistic, indeed narrative nature of theologies, Margarita Stocker has illuminating points to make about the re-experiencing of temptation and of the Fall in *Paradise Lost*. Professor Wesley Kort outlines the present status of the theological-literary thinking on narrative and theological truth-functions. Glyo Austen takes to excessive but ingenious lengths the coincidence of the location of the *Comedy of Errors* in Ephesus with the Pauline mission and testimony in the same locale. Dr Richard Rothman strives valiantly to introduce the English-speaking reader to the monumental strangeness and fascinations of Ernst Bloch's *The Principle of Hope*. He sees, rightly, that it is an attempt at an analytic-poetic *summa* of Western consciousness comparable, on the one hand to Hegel's *Phenomenology* and, on the other, to Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*.

An encouraging first issue. What is, however, lacking is the decisive acceptance of what is "scandalous", in Kierkegaard's usage, in that of Barth, in any open sense of epiphany today, of how "wildly" demanding is, at this hour, the leap of faith. Dr Jasper makes commendable use of the term "romantic" in respect of such apprehension. The deliberate enormity of T. S. Eliot's postulate that theology is the most important of sciences goes unnoticed. As it happens, there have been of late, there are this day, voices in which a lucid openness to the *mysterium tremendum* in the theological and the aesthetic domain is manifest: one thinks of Hans von Balthasar, of Donald MacKinnon, of Harold Bloom, of Lévinas. May this register be heard in future issues. If it remains missing, one more scholarly, all too British, university journal will have joined the grey and serried ranks.

George Steiner

To mark the 200th anniversary this year of the birth of the United States Constitution, *The Public Interest* (\$18 per year. Subscription Department, 20th and Northampton Streets, Easton, PA 18042; reviewed in the TLS of November 22, 1985) has devoted its Winter 1987 issue (No 86) to "The Constitutional Order 1787–1987". Contributors include Irving Kristol and Nathan Glazer (co-editors of the journal), Daniel Patrick Moynihan, James Q. Wilson and Glenn C. Loury.

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PSYCHOANALYSIS

POLITICS

CULTURE

A turning-point in linguistics

Geoffrey Sampson

DAVID E. RUMELHART, JAMES L. MCCLELLAND and the PDP RESEARCH GROUP
(Editors)
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Language, all linguists agree, is a rule-governed activity. A child acquiring his first language is a little scientist, observing examples of his elders' speech and inferring the general rules to which the examples conform. He can hear it happen: English tense-forming is his first few past-tense forms, he hears them as simple blocks of sound learned by rote, so that irregular cases like *came* and *went* pose no special problem. But a time comes when *came* and *went* give way to the child's speech to *comed* and *goed*: he has discovered a rule and applies it across the board – until in due course its limitations are mastered, and *comed* and *goed* fade away again.

Rival camps of linguistic theorists wrangle over the precise formal shape of the rules. Philosophers of language distinguish constitutive rules which define the essence of a language from regulative rules that a speaker may choose to disobey. Noam Chomsky tells us that children do not invent linguistic rules, but rather select rules to match their parents' speech from a menu encoded in their genes. Sociolinguists urge that rules are conditioned by interpersonal and not merely by formal factors. But the simple fact that rules are central to language has been a banal truism.

Not any more. The contributors to these volumes represent an approach to cognitive research (they call it parallel distributed processing or "PDP"; others working in a similar style call it connectionism) which has been sweeping the academic world during the past two years, and which jettisons the concept of rule-governed behaviour (in language, or any other domain) as a crude myth.

The PDP men are computer specialists, but, ironically, they see the rule-based orthodoxy as symptomatic of a naive tendency to interpret

human intellectual processes in terms of computer metaphors. Computers do "think" by following rules; but brains are certainly quite different in their mode of operation from computers. In a brain, very many units connected together in apparently random fashion are all active at once, and the failure of individual neurons seems to make little difference to overall performance, while in a computer activities proceed along logical pathways in a rigidly sequential manner, and breakdown of any link in the chain is fatal.

However, a great virtue of the computer is that it can be made to mimic any other sort of machine. So the PDP researchers set out to turn computers into systems that learn in the way that brains might learn.

One of their chapters describes a system which learns to inflect English verbs. It consists of a network of links between input and output phonetic units: a word can be presented to the network as a set of phonetic components, and these innervations propagate across the network and activate a set of output units, yielding another word as the system's response. Every input unit is connected to every output unit, but individual links possess varying degrees of a property akin to electrical resistance; what particular form occurs in response to an input depends on the pattern of resistances (and on a degree of randomness built into the system).

The system learns to put verbs into the past tense by comparing its response to a present-tense input with the correct past-tense form, and modifying its resistances in a simple-minded fashion whenever the two diverge. The writers train the system by repeatedly exposing it to present and past tenses, beginning with a few extremely common verbs and then adding a wider range of verbs in order roughly to simulate a child's growing experience of English.

The system does just what children do. It too begins by producing irregular forms correctly, later adopts the -ed rule in too general a form, and then gradually learns not to apply the rule to irregular verbs. Indeed the parallels between children's and machine's behaviour extend to a level of detail that seems almost uncanny. To give one example: children make two kinds of mistake with the past tense of a verb like *come*. They may say *comed*, or alternatively they may "inflect the verb twice" and say *came*, and characteristically the ratio of *comed* to *came* errors increases with time. It is not at all clear why children should behave in this way, but the PDP model does the same.

PDP networks represent a relaunching of a concept, the "perceptron", that was in the air during the 1950s and 60s. The perceptron idea was eventually given up because no mathematical techniques were available in the 1960s to control the behaviour of perceptrons that were complex enough to model interesting cognitive domains. Appropriate techniques have now been invented, and the PDP group believe that their networks can ultimately be made to learn any kind of cognitive behaviour; they admire models for many areas of cognition in this book, though their main focus is on language.

If they are right, it is difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the revolution this implies for established ideas. In the first place, rules go. The verb network learns to perform perfectly when applying the regular forms of the past-tense suffix to verbs it has not "heard" before, never confusing the /t/ sound of *kissed* or the syllabic ending of *floats* with the /d/ of *rained*: it acts exactly as if its behaviour were governed by rules, but in fact there is nothing rule-like in it. One cannot even point to one part of the

... the PDP group believe that their networks can ultimately be made to learn any kind of cognitive behaviour. . . . If they are right, it is hard to exaggerate the magnitude of the revolution this implies for established ideas.

network as the area that takes care of regular verbs while the rest handles irregulars – the response to any verb, regular or irregular, depends on the interaction of all the connections.

Then, PDP is a highly empiricist model of cognition, coming at a period when linguists and psychologists have been convinced by Chomsky that only a rich genetic endowment of detailed, specific "tacit knowledge" can possibly explain individuals' ability to master complex structures such as those of language. The verb network contains no initial knowledge. Its structure of connections is perfectly general, and the resistances which will eventually embody its linguistic abilities are all set to the same arbitrary figure. The behavioural stages through which the network passes during learning, human-like as they are, turn out

to be determined entirely by the nature of the system's experience, and the system's only contribution is to react in a passive, mechanical way to individual data items.

In practice, speakers do not always conform to linguistic rules: people deviate in sporadic or semi-regular fashions. Orthodox linguistics explains this by distinguishing "competence" from "performance": the mental mechanisms responsible for language, it is supposed, are subject to interference by extraneous factors which distort performance in ways that have no organic relationship with the essential structure of a language, and are therefore ignored as scientifically uninteresting.

The PDP approach suggests a very different picture. It ascribes no special status to consistent behaviour. Commonly, the pattern of resistance induced by a given schedule of experience will yield outputs which are perfectly regular in some areas but vacillate in others – not because external factors are disturbing the network, but because experience itself contains items that cannot easily be reconciled. From the PDP point of view, it is the messy "performance" description of behaviour which corresponds to the mechanisms that underlie and explain the behaviour; a "competence" description is merely a rough summary, perhaps convenient for practical purposes but devoid of scientific status.

The PDP approach is very young, and at present it seems to suffer from one serious problem: fixed networks cannot easily deal with inputs or outputs that vary in structure as well as substance. The verb network has to resort to an awkward contrivance in order to cope with the fact that verbs differ in length, yet this is a minor matter relative to the immense structural diversity found in sentence syntax.

But the approach has many great strengths – more than I have space to mention here. If the problem I have identified can be solved, PDP must surely become the accepted framework for understanding cognition. If it does, there are awesome implications for linguistics as an academic discipline. To continue teaching the subject in the orthodox style would be like keeping alchemy alive; yet the mathematical sophistication needed to understand the new ideas ensures that they must remain a closed book to those who read for linguistics degrees. And original PDP research requires intensive use of computing facilities more powerful than are commonly available to arts dons. Is this where linguistics gets off?

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Edited by RICHARD PRING
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Tech angst

Robert T. Golembiewski

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ
Communicating Ideas: The crisis of publishing in a post-industrial society
240pp. Oxford University Press. £22.50.
0 19504120 8

Readers with an interest in the sociology of knowledge and some understanding of how technology is being applied to the publishing industry will benefit from grappling with Irving Louis Horowitz's *Communicating Ideas: The crisis of publishing in a post-industrial society*. Horowitz, a professor of sociology at Rutgers University as well as president of the scholarly publishing house Transaction Books, does not pander to his audience with facile anti-technology talk, and he insists on an almost Byzantine analysis of his subjects. As he notes, "communicating ideas is a multi-leveled activity technically, and more importantly, a multi-leveled activity ideologically", and the consequences are complex: "some relate to product management, others to market orientation, and still others to normative judgments of good and evil".

The book's early chapters deal with aspects of publishing technology, publishing policy and marketing techniques, both existing and contemplated: database formation, copyright policy, various hard-copy and electronic means of reproducing and disseminating information, the possibilities made available by the computer for networking within and between increasingly segmented markets, and so on. Horowitz is concerned primarily with scholarly publishing, but there are strong implications for commercial publishing. For him these compelling externals are mainly a means of directing attention to the forces that have brought and are bringing them into being.

In his intellectual geography, Horowitz carefully traces the fault-lines underlying what have been until recently quite stable publishing institutions. His tectonic plates are technological, social, economic, intellectual, philosophical and moral issues, all inexorably grinding against one another in unparalleled simultaneity and degree. The consequences, he warns, may be apocalyptic. He focuses on three possible arenas of major impact: on the fundamental technologies and techniques of publishing; on the communication of ideas, used here in a broad cultural sense to encompass the multiple "modes for imparting or exchanging ideas from person to person, generation to generation, nation to nation, and language to language"; and, more specifically, on politics. Realistically or not, he believes the data and theories generated by scholars influence the behaviour of politicians and citizens more slowly but perhaps more profoundly than do the mass media. With the advent of computers, intellectual freedom and integrity are doubly critical; only they provide the public with the necessary knowledge for informed political decisions.

Horowitz is most convincing in looking backward. As he says, things have not been as bad for publishing as many — perhaps most — feared. But even moderate faith in the certainty of technological "progress" is misplaced, he realizes, since each increment of new technology has serious ideological implications. He soothingly favours the good medicine of "scholarly communication", something along the lines of John Stuart Mill: students of good will, making use of technology, can eventually piece together the patches of knowledge to create a cloak for the Goddess of Truth. The balanced social commentator of earlier chapters luxuriates in expressing this final vision. Readers, however, may be pardoned for doubting that "scholarly communicators" will control the powerful technologies of publication in the world of the future.

Lynne Brindley (on the electronic campus), Sir John Brown (on scholarly publishing), Kenneth Cooper, Michael Hill, Sir Peter Swinnerton-Dyer and Alexander Wilson (on the British Library) are among the eighteen contributors to *The World of Books and Information: Essays in honour of Lord Dainton* (214pp. British Library. £25. 0 7123 0125 9) to mark his retirement as Chairman of the BL Board. The book is edited by Maurice Line.

TLS Listings

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. Publishers are asked to ensure that they let us have all the necessary information, including price and publication date.

Anthropology

Burkert, Walter, René Girard, and Jomantas Z. Smith
Violent Origins: Ritual killing and cultural formation
Stanford UP. 275pp. £32.50. 0 8047 1370 7. 4/5/87.
Gilmore, David D. Aggression and Community: Paradoxes of Andalusian culture
Yale UP. 218pp. £24.50. 0 300 03811 9. 21/5/87.

Archaeology

Guralnick, Eleanor, editor Sardu: 27 years of discovery (Papers presented at a Symposium held at The Oriental Institute, University of Chicago)
Chicago Society. 615 North Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60631. 91pp., plates. 0 900404 1 2. 3/87.
Shanks, Michael, and Christopher Tilley
Re-Constructing Archaeology: Theory and practice
Cambridge UP. 267pp. £27.50/44.50. 0 521 30141 6. 23/4/87.

Architecture

Berridge, Clive The Almshouses of London
Southampton: Ashford. 74pp., plates. £9.95.
1 85253 000 6. 11/6/87.
Dewane, Kerry Hawkmoor (World of Art series; 1st pub. 1970)
Thames and Hudson. 216pp., illus. £4.05 (paperback).
0 500 20096 3. 15/4/87.

Art

Beilings, Hans translated by Christopher Wood
The End of the History of Art?
Chicago UP. 120pp. £13.50. 0 226 04217 0.
Köselig, Cengiz; translated and edited by J. M. Rogers Topkapi: The treasury
Thames and Hudson. 215pp., plates. £70. 0 500 01412 4. 15/4/87.

Bibliography

Chamson, Gerald, editor The Monotype Recorder:
Hans Schöller, typographer: His life and work (New Series, 6)
Monotype Corporation plc, Redhill RH1 5JP. 64pp., illus. £4 (paperback). 4/87.
Fitzpatrick, Gary L. The Early Mapping of Hawai'i (Palapa's Alina Series)
Kegan Paul International. 180pp., illus. £65.
0 7109 0240 1. 11/6/87.
Harley, J. B., and David Woodward, editors
The History of Cartography, vol. 1: Cartography in prehistory, ancient, and medieval Europe and the Mediterranean
Chicago UP. 399pp., illus. £78.95. 0 226 31633 5. 31/7/87.
Schryver, Alice D. The History of Books: A guide to selected resources in the Library of Congress
Washington DC: Library of Congress. 221pp. \$15.
0 8444 0536 1.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Boothroyd, Basil A Shoulder to Laugh On: An autobiography
Robson. 200pp., illus. £12.95. 0 86051 393 0. 25/4/87.
Gowers, Ruth Emily Carr
Leamington Spa: Berg. 418p in US and Canada by New York: St Martin's. 120pp. £9.95 (hardcover). 0 907582 05 8 (hc). 0 907582 96 0 (pb). 15/5/87.
Hammer, Armand, and Neil Lyndon Hammer:
Witness to history
Simon and Schuster. 544pp., illus. £14.95. 0 671 65458 6. 4/87.
Mallin, Richard, and James Munson Victoria: Portrait of a Queen
BBC Books. 166pp. illus. £12.95. 0 561 20456 7. 18/4/87.
Nevin, Pat Ireland, Where Our Roots Go Deep
Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe. 320pp. £12.95 (hardcover). £4.95 (paperback). 0 86140 253 3 (hc). 0 86140 259 6 (pb). 22/4/87.
Robertson, Edwin The Shrine and the Sacrifice: The life and preaching of Dietrich Bonhoeffer
Hodder and Stoughton. 288pp. £7.95 (paperback).
0 340 41063 9. 15/4/87.
Smith, Ethel, edited by Ronald Cribben The Memoirs of Ethel Smyth
Viking. 393pp. £16.95. 0 670 80655 2. 25/4/87.
Spada, James Grace: The secret lives of a princess
Sligwick and Jackson. 345pp., illus. £12.95. 0 283 99535 1. 25/4/87.
Walker, Alexander Vivian: The life of Vivian Leigh
Waldenfield and Nicolson. 342pp., illus. £12.95.
0 297 79118 4. 28/5/87.
Yallop, Pin, and John Man Stay Alive My Son
Bloomsbury. 240pp. £13.95. 0 7475 0007 X. 22/4/87.

Business

Pine, Ray Management of Technological Change in the Catering Industry
Aldershot: Avebury. 114pp. £17.50. 0 506 05328 4. 28/5/87.
Sharp, Margaret, and Claire Sheehan European Technological Collaboration
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 122pp. £5.95 (paperback).
0 7102 1212 7. 28/5/87.
Wall, Yvonne Computer Fraud and Collusion in Customer Service and Billing Systems

Ifracome: Stockwell. 104pp. £60 (paperback).
0 7223 2104 X.

Economics

Sargent, Thomas J. Dynamic Macroeconomic Theory
Harvard UP. 369pp. £27.95. 0 674 21877 0.

Fiction

Challoner, Robert Into Battle (A Commander Lord Charles Oakshot novel)
Century Hutchinson. 214pp. £9.95. 0 7126 1466 4. 18/4/87.
Lyall, Francis A Death in Time (Crime Club)
Collins. 198pp. £8.95. 0 00 23213 8. 15/4/87.
Mazefield, Jobo A Mainsail Haul (1st pub. 1905)
Grafton. 128pp. £5.05 (paperback). 0 246 13177 2. 25/4/87.
McCullough, Colleen The Ladies of Missolonghi (Hutchinson Novellas)
Hutchinson. 132pp. £7.95. 0 09 170600 0. 18/4/87.
McGinness, Ian Inner City
Edinburgh: Polygon. 234pp. £9.95. 0 948725 27 8.
Peters, Ellis The Hermit of Eyon Fort
Headline. 224pp. £9.05. 0 7472 0037 8. 25/4/87.
Van Vliet, Paul Men on a Moor
Ifracome: Stockwell. 70pp. £6.60. 0 7223 2112 0. 5/4/87.
Wong, B. Walg
Macmillan. 213pp. £9.05. 0 333 43011 5. 7/5/87.

Fiction in English translation

Dall, Salvador; translated by Haakon Chevalier
Hiddeca Faces (1st pub. 1973)
Peter Owen. 318pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 7206 0482 6. 25/4/87.

History, ancient

Walker, C. B. F. Cuneiform: Reading the past
British Museum. 64pp., illus. £4.95 (paperback).
0 7141 8050 0. 22/4/87.

History, general

Groneman, Carol, and Mary Beth Norton, editors "To Tell the Living Day": America's women at work, 1780-1980
Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 312pp. \$38.45 (hardcover). \$10.95 (paperback). 0 8014 1847 X (hc). 0 8014 9452 4 (pb). 15/4/87.
Hey, David Family History and Local History in England
Longman. 276pp. £15.95 (hardcover). £7.95 (paperback). 0 582 00522 1 (hc). 0 582 49453 3 (pb). 8/4/87.

History, modern

Bell, Christine American Indian Policy and American Reform: Case studies of the campaign to assimilate the American Indians
Allen and Unwin. 437pp. 0 04 900037 3 (hc). 0 04 900030 X (pb).
Brent, Richard Liberal Anglican Politics: Whiggery, religion, and reform: 1830-41 (Oxford Historical Monographs)
Oxford: Clarendon. 340pp. £32.50. 0 19 822942 0. 4/4/87.
Ferro, Marc The Great War 1914-1918 (1st pub. 1973)
Ark. 239pp. £3.95 (paperback). 0 7448 0063 3. 4/4/87.
Furtwangler, Albert American Liberalism: Rhetorical Ideologies of the founders
Yale UP. 188pp. £17.50/24. 0 300 03798 8. 21/5/87.
Hemming, John Amazon Frontier: The defeat of the Brazilian Indians
Macmillan. 647pp. £10.05. 0 333 42310 4. 18/4/87.
Kershaw, Ian The "Hitler Myth": Image and reality in the Third Reich
Oxford: Clarendon. 207pp. £27.50. 0 10 821964 4. 4/4/87.
Knapman, Bruce Pili's Economic History, 1874-1939: Studies of capitalist colonial development (Pacific Research Monograph, 15)
Centre for Development Studies, Australian National University, Canberra. 153pp. 0 86784 077 0.
Moore, R. J. Making the New Commonwealth
Oxford: Clarendon. 218pp. £25. 0 10 820112 5. 7/5/87.
Parry, G. J. R. A Protestant Vision: William Harrison and the reformation of Elizabethan England
Cambridge UP. 349pp. £27.50. 0 521 32997 3. 28/5/87.

FIFTY YEARS ON

Among the reviews of new novels in the TLS of June 12, 1937, were those of Dorothy L. Sayers's *Busman's Honeymoon* and Neil M. Gunn's *Highland River, from which the following extracts are taken*.

Leaving aside the play now running at the Comedy Theatre, with the readjustments that it must demand from those who have formed their own images of the Peter Wimseys (now married) and of Bunter, we can pronounce *Busman's Honeymoon*; the book, a true and thrilling instalment in the serial history of these three very estimable persons. Miss Sayers is working away and away from the conventional detective story: some time ago she promised a "straight" novel — which has not yet come; perhaps *Busman's Honeymoon* is a stepping-stone to such a higher thing. She calls it "a love story with detective interlappings".

A love story — but unconventional even as that. It is the story of the honeymoon of a middle-aged man and a girl with a past. The honeymoon, after elaborate precautions to escape publicity, starts in a chaotically prepared house in the country where, next morning, is discovered in the cellar a week-

dead corpse: it ends with Lord Peter breaking down at the thought of the justice to which he has brought the murderer. . . . In between? Much ingenious detection, of course; much excellent village humour; some love-making on a high, even high-brow, but (unless we flatter humanity) immensely human plane; and a wealth of allusion that, at a Shakespearean/Milton-Tennyson level, delights the self-taught, altchless police superintendent.

Mr Gunn's technique has steadily improved, and these scenes of boyhood, by a river and among a fishing community of the Highland shore of the great Moray Firth, are projected with a crystal clarity, sharply defined, with an odd double quality of intense immediacy and sort of enclosed detachment, like objects seen in a slightly diminishing mirror. . . . Reader who want a "story" or a "document" will be irritated by it beyond endurance. Readers who value the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" will find something here that they can recognize, and will remember as a piece of healthy, pre-ative in the most real sense of the word.

Humour

Chesterton, G. K.; edited by Marie Smith Collected Nonsense and Light Verse
Xanadu. 192pp., illus. £9.95. 0 947761 19 5. 18/4/87.
Thinslow, Peter Tales from Wilney Scrabble Pavilion. 125pp., illus. £7.05. 1 85145 139 0. 8/4/87.

Language

Lockwood, W. B. German Today: The advanced learner's guide
Oxford: Clarendon. 347pp. £30 (hardcover). £11.95 (paperback). 0 19 815804 1 (hc). 0 10 815805 5 (pb). 14/5/87.

Literature and criticism

Baker, Peter S., et al, editors The Correspondence of James Boswell, vol 4 (Yale Edition of the Private Papers of James Boswell: Research Edition; 1st pub. US 1986)
Heinemann. 480pp. £40. 0 434 83702 4. 22/4/87.
Callin, William in Defense of French Poetry: An essay in reevaluation
University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State UP. 208pp. £22.50. 0 271 00437 1. 20/5/87.
Hammond, Paul, editor Selected Prose of Alexander Pope
Cambridge UP. 322pp. £27.50/39.50. 0 521 28011 8. 21/5/87.

Hettmann, Ansgar, editor No Man's Land: An anthology of modern Danish women's literature
Norvik. EUR, University of East Anglia, Norwich
NR4 7TJ. 211pp. £9.50 (paperback). 1 870041 05 4.
Hawthorne, Harry The Uncertain Salt: Essays in Australian literature and criticism (1st pub in Australia 1986)
Oxford UP. 222pp. £10. 0 10 554743 8. 25/4/87.

Iturr, Gloria T. Colour, Sex, and Poetry: Three women writers of the Harlem renaissance
Bloomington: Indiana UP. 249pp. £29.95 (hardcover). \$16.95 (paperback). 0 253 34974 5 (hc). 0 253 34930 3 (pb). 4/4/87.

Kruskal, Vera M. Against the American Grain: Myth and history in William Carlos Williams, Jay Wright, and Nicolas Guillén
Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins UP. 298pp. £23.50. 0 8018 3330 2. 4/4/87.

Linsell, Carl Ernest Games: Polkirk patterns in the Canterbury Tales
Bloomington: Indiana UP. 107pp. £25. 0 253 32983 X. 29/5/87.

Marshall, Donald G. Literature as Philosophy: Philosophy as Literature
Iowa City: Iowa UP. 349pp. £32.50. 0 87745 149 4.

O'Sullivan, Anne, and Padraig O'Riain, editors Poems on Mariner Lungs, from a 16th-century Tipperary manuscript
Irish Text Society, c/o Royal Bank of Scotland, 22 Whitehall, London SW1. 150pp. 1 870 16531 1.

Pescher, Brigitte Lyric Descent in the German Romantic Tradition
Yale UP. 233pp. £22.50/24.95. 0 300 03714 7. 21/5/87.

Rifkin, Carol de Doby Word and Figure: The language of 19th-century French poetry
Columbus: Ohio State UP. 200pp. £25. 0 8142 0422 8. 30/4/87.

Salutsky, Imre Criticism in Society: Interviews with Jacques Derrida, Northrop Frye, Harold Bloom et al.
Methuen. 244pp. £15 (hardcover). 0 416 92270 8 (hc). 0 416 92280 5 (pb). 21/5/87.

Smith, Peter Alderson W. B. Yass and the Tribes of the Great Cross: Colin Smythe. 320pp. £10.50. 0 8140 257 X. 22/4/87.

Southam, Brian, editor Jane Austen: The Critical Heritage 1870-1940, vol 2 (Critical Heritage Series)
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 308pp. £18. 0 7102 0189 3. 28/5/87.

Spear, Monroe K. American Ambitions: Selected essays on literary and cultural themes
Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins UP. 267pp. £17.40. 0 8016 3414 7. 29/7/87.

Williams, Meg Harris A Strange Way of Killing: The poetic structure of "Wuthering Heights" (Literary Criticism Series, 1)
Clunie Press, Old Bellingham, Strath Tay, Perthshire, Scotland. 244pp. £12. 0 902965 23 0. 8/87.

Wordsworth, William; edited by Alan R. Jones
Wordsworth's Poems of 1807
Macmillan. 192pp. £20 (hardcover). £6.05 (paperback). 0 333 29334 7 (hc). 0 333 29335 5 (pb). 5/87.

Natural sciences

Porter, Valeria Practical Rare Breeds: A modern approach to the breeding and farming of minority livestock
Pitham. 274pp., illus. £15.95. 0 7207 1745 9. 8/4/87.

Philosophy

Allison, Henry E. Benedict de Spinoza: An introduction, revised edition
Yale UP. 254pp. £30/42 (hardcover). £9.95/13.95 (paperback). 0 300 03595 0 (hc). 0 300 03596 0 (pb). 21/5/87.

Brundell, Barry Pierre Gasseodi: From Aristotelianism to a new natural philosophy
Ridell/Kluwer, PO Box 989, 3300 AZ Dordrecht, The Netherlands. 231pp. £49/64. 90 277 2428 8. 13/87.

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

Chris Baldick's *In Frankenstein's Shadow* will be published later this year. He is also the author of *The Social History of English Criticism 1843-1932*, 1983.

Nigel Barley is Assistant Keeper for West Africa, Museum of Mankind, and author of *The Innocent Anthropologist: Notes from a mud hut*, 1983.

Sarah Baylis died in a recent accident. Her novel *Urrillo's Mother* will be reviewed in a future issue of the TLS.

Sidney Bloch's books include *Soviet Psychiatric Abuse: The shadow over world psychiatry*, 1984.

J. W. Burrow is Professor of History at the University of Sussex. His books include *A Liberal Descent: Victorian historians and the English past*, 1981.

Hamphrey Carpenter edited (with Marl Pritchard) *The Oxford Companion to Children's Literature*, 1984.

Benny Chadwick is Regius Professor Emeritus of Divinity at the University of Cambridge. His most recent book is *Augustine*, 1985.

John Clare's novel, *The Dismalhering Party*, was published in 1977.

Steven Collins is a lecturer in the Study of Religions, University of Bristol. His most recent book is *The Category of the Person*, 1985, which he edited with Michael Carruthers and Steven Lukes.

Drucilla Cornell is a Professor at the University of Pennsylvania School of Law.

J. A. Crook is Emeritus Professor of Ancient History, University of Cambridge.

Lord Devlin was formerly a Lord Justice of Appeal. His books include *The Judge*, 1979, and *Eating the Passing: The trial of Dr John Bodkin Adams*, 1985.

Terry Eagleton's novel, *Solms and Scholars*, will be published in September.

E. L. Epstein's *Language and Style* was published in 1978.

Howard Erskine-Hill is the author of *The Augustan Idea in English Literature*, 1985, and *The Social Milieu of Alexander Pope*, 1976.

Alastair Fowler is Professor Emeritus of English Literature at the University of Edinburgh.

Sean French is Deputy Editor of *New Society*.

Michael Gilsenan is Professor of Contemporary Arab Studies at the University of Oxford, and author of *Recognizing Islam*, 1982.

Snell Kilham is a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Adam Kuper is Professor of Social Anthropology, Brunel University, and editor of the journal *Current Anthropology*, reviewed on page 641. His book *South Africa and the Anthropologist* was published in January.

Shena Mackay's most recent novel, *Redhill Rococo*, has been awarded the Fawcett Prize. A new collection of short stories, *Dreams of Dead Women's Handbags*, will be published in August.

Lachlan Mackinnon's poems appeared in *New Chitro Poets*, 1986.

Edward McFarland's *James Gandon: Virtuoso Hibernicus* was published in 1985.

Caroline Moorehead's books include *Fortune's Hangover: Kidnapping in the world today*, 1980.

Elizabeth Nisamen teaches Social Anthropology at the University of Durham.

Richard Osborne's *Rossini* was published last year.

Frank Pomeroy is literary editor of the *South Slav Journal*.

Roy Porter is a lecturer at the Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, London. His most recent book is *English Society in the Eighteenth Century*, 1982.

J. D. Ray is Herbert Thompson Reader in Egyptology at the University of Cambridge.

Carol Rumens's *Selected Poems and Plato Park*, a novel, were published in March.

Lorna Sage is a lecturer in English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia.

Geoffrey Sampson's books include *Writing Systems: A linguistic introduction*, 1985. He is Head of the Department of Linguistics and Phonetics, University of Leeds.

Harry Gordon Skelton was formerly an Inspector of Ancient Monuments, and is a regular contributor to the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*.

Samuel Stevenson is a lecturer in English Literature at the University of Edinburgh, and author of *The British Novel Since the Thirties*, 1986.

Maria Warner's *Monuments and Maidens: The allegory of the female form* is now in paperback.

Donald Wiles is Professor of the History of Economics at the University of Sussex. His books include *Adam Smith's Politics: An essay in historiographical revision*, 1978.

Smith's *Politics: An essay in historiographical revision*, 1978.

Canway, David Secret Wisdom: The occult universe explored
Wellborough: Aquarian. 244pp. £6.99 (paperback).
0 8030 590 X. 11/6/87.

Derrida, Jacques; translated by John P. Leavay, Jr., and Richard Rand Gals
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